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The Sketch

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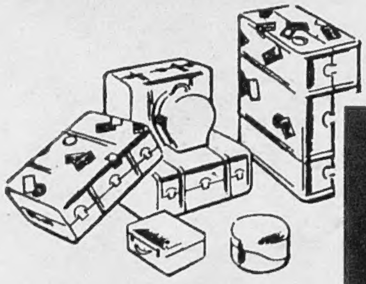

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The Summer is her busy time—she's 'up and doing' until the sun goes down. A long day and a tiring one, particularly when the weather's hot. In fact, last year, she found she was paying the penalty. Tired, cross and irritable, she complained about the heat. It 'got on her nerves'.

Luckily, the doctor called one day and told her to blame *herself*, not the heat—explained that if she used up twice the usual amount of energy she couldn't expect her nerves to stand the strain. He recommended Sanatogen.

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If the weather changes and the thermometer drops below zero—as it may very well do in this climate—The Burberry will be just the garment to keep you warm.

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As a matter of fact The Burberry circumvents the weather.

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The Sketch

No. 2325—Vol. CLXXIX. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE.

BRITISH-BORN ITALIAN PRINCESS AND HER SISTER.

PRINCESS GUGLIELMO ROSPIGLIOSI-PALLAVICINI, *who is here facing the camera with her sister, the* HON. MARGARET ACTON *(right), is the third of Lord Acton's six sisters, and was married in 1933. She has two children, Prince Ludovico and Princess Jeanne Marie Annunziata Carolina, and lives at Thiene, Vicenza, Italy, though she often visits her English relations. The Hon. Margaret Mary Teresa Acton was a débutante of this season.*

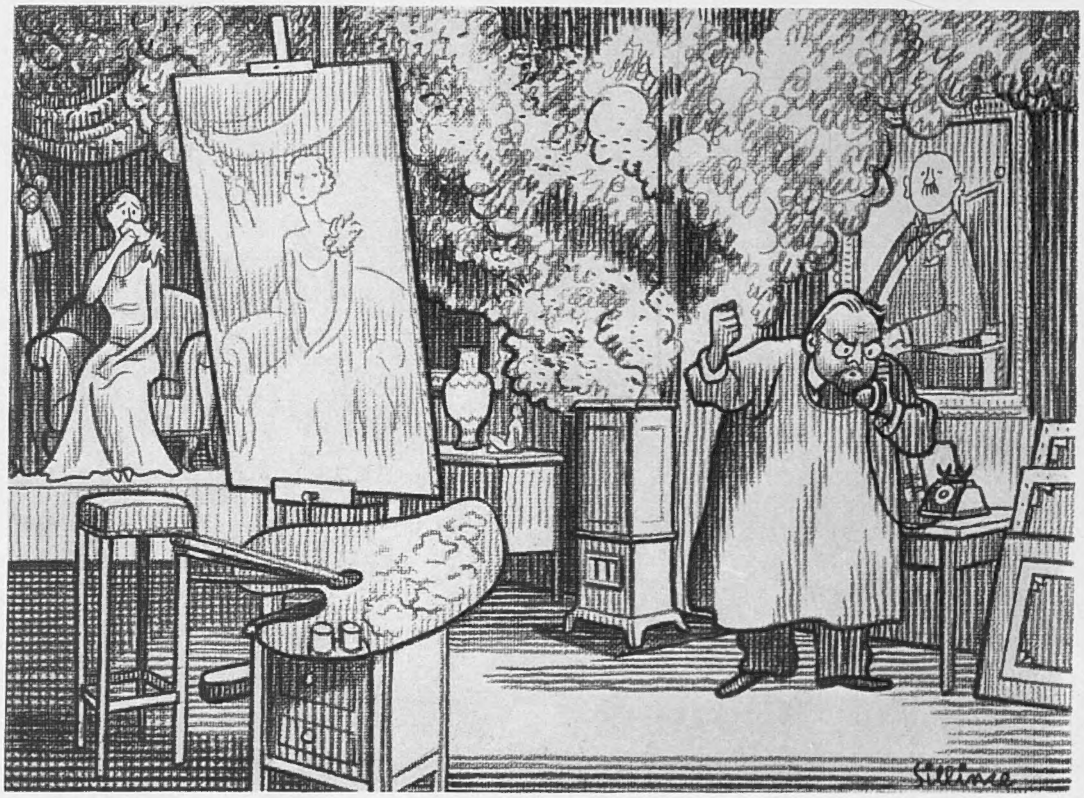
MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

IDEALS.

I SUPPOSE I ought to be ashamed of it—and kind friends sometimes tell me that it betrays a low view of human nature—but the longer I live, the less I am impressed by persons who are described, or who describe themselves, as "idealists." I trust I do not underrate the value of ideals; it is quite obvious that without them, and without persons who were sincerely devoted to them, the world would have stood still and we should have made even less moral progress than we have. But I do not find much to admire in those who habitually protest too much about their ideals—who are, so to speak, professional practitioners of ideals. Indeed, I feel that "—isms" and "—ists" of all kinds have to be regarded with caution. I have a considerable respect for sentiment (despite all its abuses), but very little for a sentimentalist. All "—ists," once they have become enslaved to their "—isms," are a little too certain of themselves and their beliefs for my taste.

I will try to explain some of my objections (with apologies if they are low and sordid) to idealists, or at all events to persons who commonly go by that name.



"No, no! I said I want a man to repair the STOVE. S *for Sickert;* T *for Titian;* O *for Orpen;* V *for Velasquez, and* E *for Epstein."*

DRAWN BY SILLINCE.

Insincerity is not one of the charges which I should bring against them, in the great majority of cases. It is extremely difficult to say of any man exactly how sincere or insincere he is, since we all have a large capacity for self-deception; but I do not think that the deliberate, conscious, systematic hypocrite is a very common type of mortal. Men can persuade themselves into *anything*. It is generally both unfair and dangerous to accuse another, with whom we happen to disagree, of insincerity, since it is a charge which we can seldom prove. But I deny that sincerity is the touchstone of idealism. I respect a sincere man more than a humbug, but I am not going to pretend that I respect a fool merely because he is a sincere fool. A great many fools, and, as far as that goes, a great many lunatics, are intensely sincere; in fact, the more sincerely a man believes that he is Napoleon Bonaparte or a soda-water-bottle, the more necessary it becomes to certify him. Also—though it is a melancholy reflection—a great many people who have done enormous harm in the world have been profoundly sincere about it. History teems with them.

Nor do I indict the idealist because what he aims at or advocates is "not practical politics" (odious phrase, the refuge of every slacker and reactionary!) A man's reach, said the poet, must exceed his grasp; or, if you like to put it so, nothing is worth attaining but the unattainable. But here I distinguish between two types of idealists, one of them genuine and admirable, and the other shallow and dangerous. There is the man of true light and leading, who says: "Yonder is the goal; it is distant and difficult, but it must be kept always in view." And if he is a great teacher, he may add: "I will show you how to reach it, though it will be an arduous journey." Very different is that type of facile and popular "idealist" (he has no true right to the title) who pretends, because it is nice and jolly and comforting to pretend, that what ought to be, *is*, or can be, as if by a conjuring trick; who ignores the difficulties and shuts his eyes to the facts; who says, "Let us, by taking thought, add a cubit to our stature." He is own-brother to the self-styled "optimist," who is bright and breezy and frightfully hearty about everything, by the simple method of pretending that anything which he does not want to exist, does not exist. I am afraid that this type of person is the commonest kind of so-called "idealist," and for myself, I regard him not only as an ass, but as a menace. Anybody who will not take the trouble to think can be an idealist of that kind. There is nothing in life more difficult than to find the proper balance between idealism and realism, but it is a task which every intelligent person has to face. The narrow realist, who prides himself on always "having his feet on the ground," forgets that if you want to leap, or run, or even walk, you can't keep your feet on the ground all the time. The pseudo-idealist leaps without looking—and we all know the penalty for that.

But what worries me most about our modern idealists is their extraordinary ferocity. They are dangerous men to cross! The history of this century abounds in self-appointed leaders of men who, in the pursuit of their ideals and ideas, are prepared to destroy everybody else's ideals and ideas, and whose method of ensuring the common weal is to inflict common misery. Extremely "sincere," these Strong Men; but how grievously we suffer nowadays from the idealistic doctrinaire, who will sacrifice anybody or anything for his doctrine! Is there any worse form of human intolerance than to say: "Take what I think is good for you, or go to the slaughter"? Is there any worse form of human bondage than compulsory happiness? I wish some of our idealists would remember that the Pharisees, who were very sure of themselves, were denounced, and the Woman Taken in Adultery, who was very unsure of herself, was forgiven. Many, I think, have been shocked and disappointed, in recent years, at the fierceness of those who (as a friend of mine has neatly expressed it) "rattle the olive-branch." One would have thought that the first duty of the genuinely idealistic peacemaker was to say: "Now, before we lose our tempers, let us see if we cannot try to understand each other's points of view. You seem all wrong to me, but perhaps you are, after all, not such a monster of iniquity as you appear." Would not that be a little better than saying: "You disagree with me? Then take that! You would break the peace? Then I will break it first!" I cannot think that such peacemakers are "blessed"; and if they are idealists, I prefer to be a base, earth-bound realist.

THE BRISTLEWOODS.

"Joie de Vivre"—a South Coast silhouette.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE PHŒNIX PARK MEETING.

MRS. DENIS DALY, VISCOUNT MILTON, MR. E. LENNON, *and* MISS R. WATERS *are the quartet in our photograph at Phœnix Park Races. Lord Milton is the son and heir of Earl Fitzwilliam.*

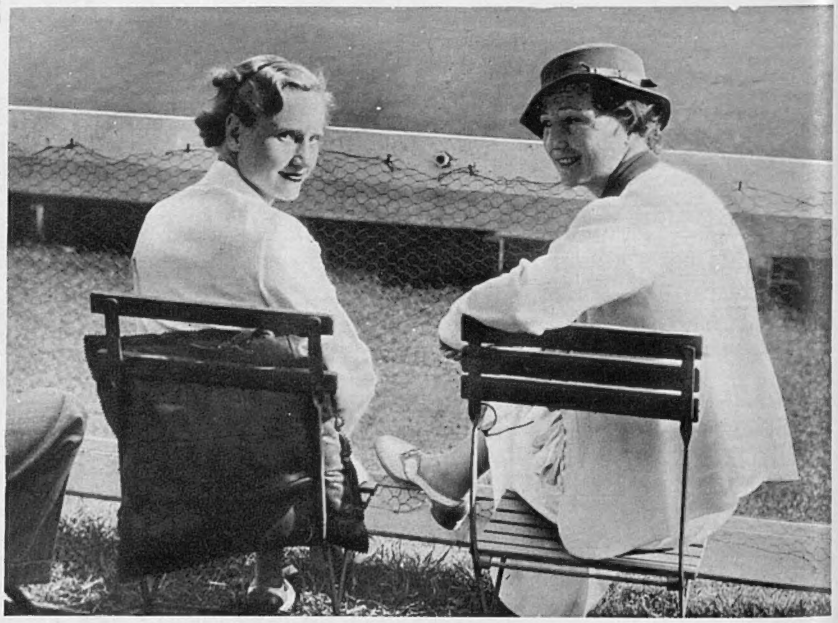
MISS DIANA BATTYE, MRS. SIMON COMBE, *and* MISS P. MOORHOUSE *are the trio in this snapshot.*

LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE *looked well in a neat woollen suit. She was Miss Rachel Wrey.*

MISS DIANA BETHELL, *the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. James Beck, wore a flannel suit.*

Shamrocks for luck at an Irish meeting! MISS BLANCHE ROWE *and* MRS. H. MEADE.

MRS. PARR, *wife of Major Victor Parr, chose a tweed coat and skirt and a woollen jumper.*



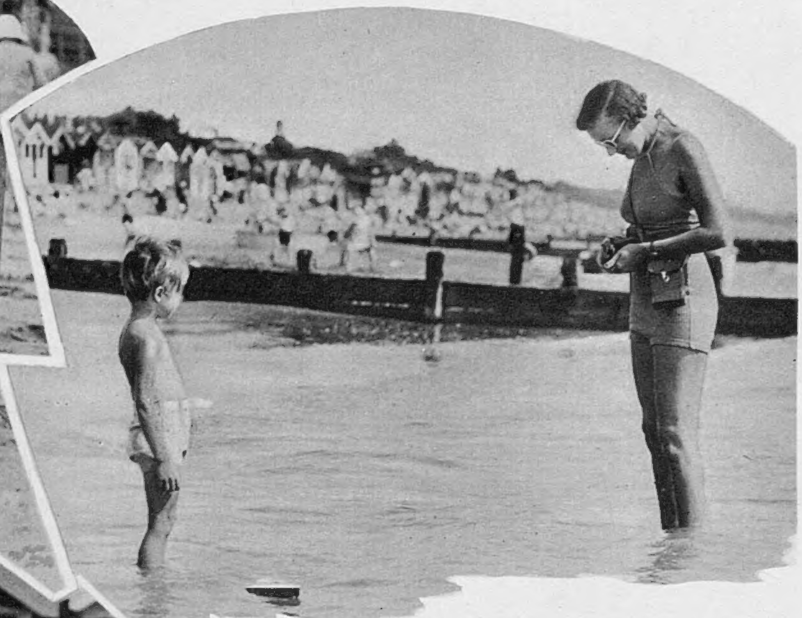
LADY HEMPHILL, *wife of the fourth Baron, and* MISS O'RORKE *wore light summery tailor-mades. Lady Hemphill was Miss Emily Sears.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR A. OWEN.

WELCOMING THE HEAT - WAVE AT FRINTON.

MRS. RICHARD AGNEW and her children, ROSEMARY, LAVINIA, and MARK AGNEW, *are enjoying a little light refreshment on the beach.*

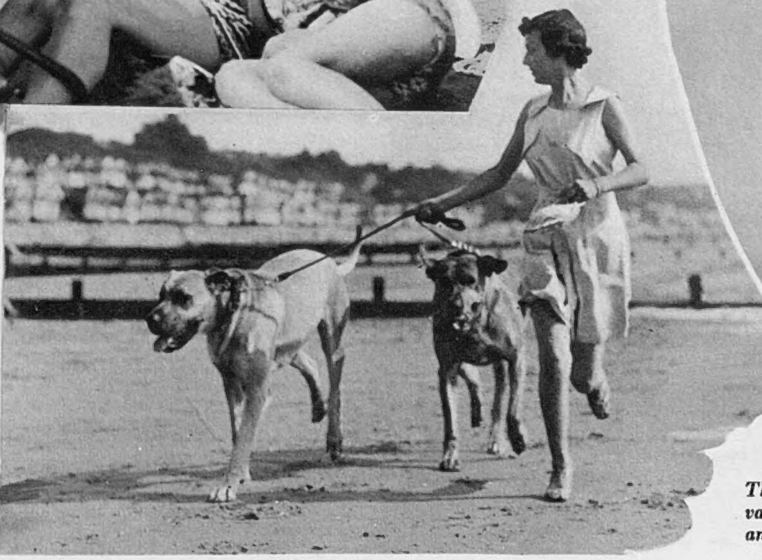
Right: MRS. RONALD SERVICE, *whose husband is becoming expert at aquaplaning,* KENNETH BURT, MRS. ERIC BURT, SARAH CHESTER BEATTY, *and* MRS. PAMELA CHESTER BEATTY *are the members of this sun-basking party.*

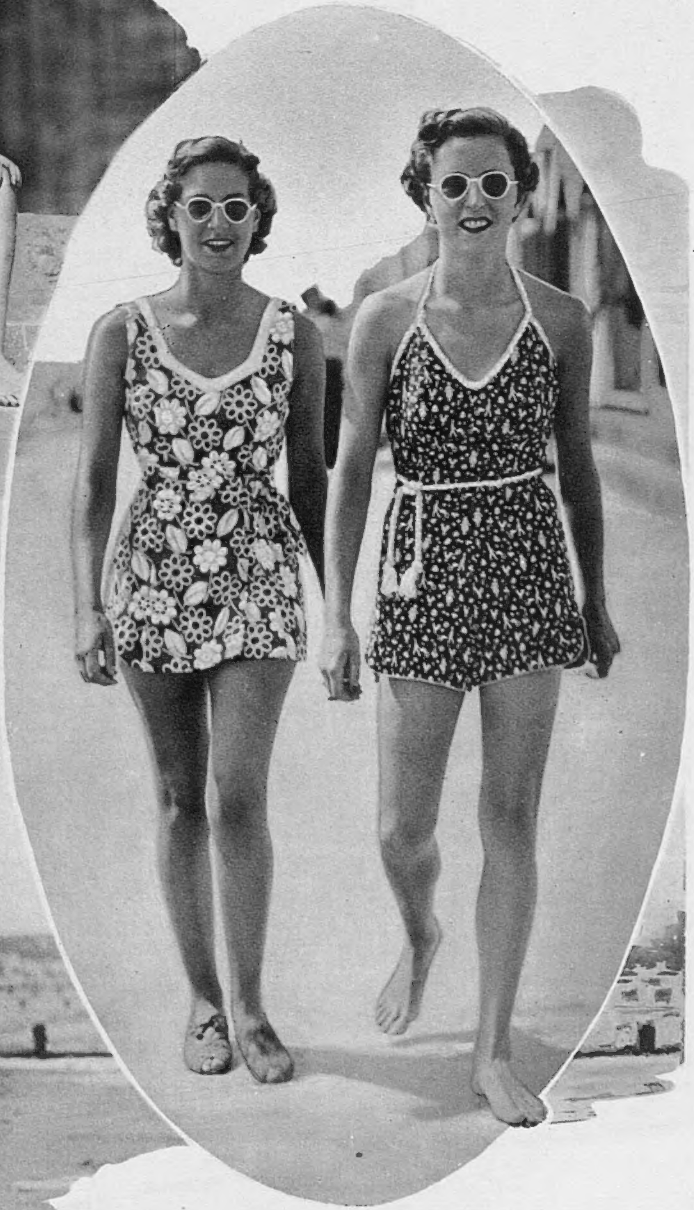


LADY (TRESHAM) LEVER, *wife of Sir Tresham Lever, Bt., is one of the mothers who have been at Frinton-on-Sea with their youngsters. She is taking a photograph of her* CHRISTOPHER LEVER, *who was born in 1932.*

LADY STERN, *wife of Lieut.-Col. Sir Albert Stern, K.B.E., is seen on the beach with Patience. She was Miss Helen Orr-Lewis.*

Right: MISS AUDREY KERSEY *enjoys an energetic holiday at Frinton, for she takes her dogs for a quick run along the famous sands, whether there's a heat-wave in progress or not!*



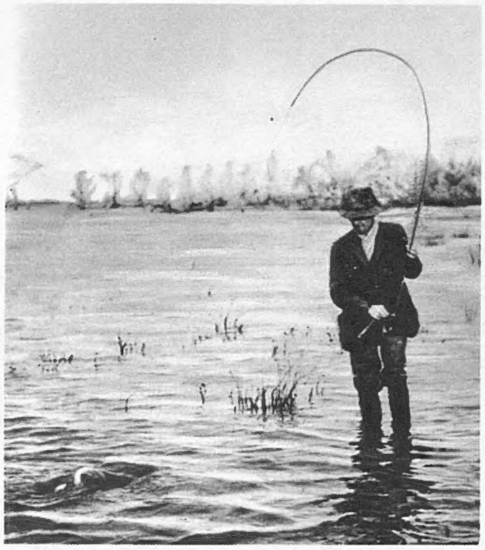


The printed cotton or linen "play-suit" has added decorative value to our seaside scenes this year. MISS CECILY HOBBS *and* MISS BETTY HOLLINGWORTH *follow this attractive fashion.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

ONE morning recently an angler called on me and asked whether fish in a pond which is frozen over completely will die, and if the fish could be kept alive by breaking a hole through the ice. He explained that years ago there was excellent fishing in the Welsh Harp at Hendon, and that the hotel proprietor invariably made a hole in the ice when the pond froze over, in order to keep the fish alive. The winter after this good sportsman died a very severe frost occurred and no hole was made in the ice. When the thaw came, quantities of dead fish were reported to have been washed over the sluice. Later, on the same day, two more anglers called and I heard the same story again. They also told me that a heated controversy had arisen among local anglers about the hole in the ice. Some maintained that fish could live under the ice, and did so, in fact, in the frost-bound rivers of northern latitudes. They ridiculed the idea that breaking a hole in the ice would be necessary to keep the fish alive. Others held the opposite view, and I gathered that a bet of £25 hung on the result. Before hearing about the bet, I had mentioned that, as far as I knew, no case had occurred in the British Isles of wholesale destruction of fish owing to the water freezing over, though small ponds containing goldfish often freeze solid, and provided they thaw out slowly the fish may survive. I also mentioned that Dr. Borodin, of Harvard University, had carried out experiments in freezing fish which pointed to the fact that only fish inhabiting shallow waters in regions subjected to severe winters assume the anabiosis state; that is to say, they remain alive though frozen in ice for considerable periods. I referred to these experiments in *The Sketch*, Dec. 30, 1936. Lastly, I read to them the following note which I had written for this page only a few days before. Who wins the £25 bet I do not know. There seems little doubt that fish will suffocate for want of oxygen if confined in a limited volume of water completely sealed by ice for a period long enough for the oxygen to become exhausted. In these circumstances, holes made in the ice would probably save the fish. How fish can be frozen solid and yet not be suffocated is a question for the scientist to explain. I presume that at a certain temperature the anabiosis state occurs automatically and the fish is in a state of suspended animation before it becomes frozen.



Our photograph shows an ANGLER IN TASMANIA *landing a fine fighting brown trout of 11½ lb., which was taken on a small wet fly on a 2x cast. He carries neither gaff nor net, and yet he grassed his fish in ten minutes, having manœuvred it from the open water and brought it to the surface. He is about to give it a well-timed hit on the head with a " priest," which can be seen in his right hand. This weapon is made of wood, lead-weighted at one end and fitted at the other with a leather loop to encircle the wrist.*

LORD HEYTESBURY *caught the* 17-LB. SALMON *with which he is seen in the River Lochy.*

All the Fish Were Dead.

Last spring, when the ice melted on Lake Ripley, Minnesota, a sad sight was revealed, for the shore-line was littered with countless dead fish. So vast was the extent of the mortality that, in all probability, the entire fish population of the lake is exterminated. Owing to drought during the past few years the lake was exceptionally low, and when it was ice-bound and covered with deep snow during the winter, the fish used up the supply of oxygen and were suffocated. The remarkable thing about this catastrophe is the undoubted fact that it might have been avoided had it not been for a conservation measure intended to preserve the fish. The measure in question forbids fishing through holes in the ice, and it is thought that had holes been kept open as in the past, the mortality would have been minimised and possibly averted altogether.

Poor Trout-Fishing Season.

With the best part of the trout season gone, the back-end, however good, cannot make amends for a very disappointing year. I see that my friend Mr. D. F. Leney, of the Surrey Trout Farm, has been quoted as stating that several well-known trout waters in the South, rivers as well as lakes, have been affected detrimentally by the unusually wet and mild winter, which prevented fish from regaining condition. Mr. Percy Laming informed me that all the big trout in his stretch of the Itchen died of starvation, owing to high floods washing away all the caddis, shrimps, and other food. Fish about 1½ lb. which did survive were very thin, even towards the end of July, though smaller fish had recovered by the end of June. I asked Mr. Laming if he were sure that the fish had actually died of starvation, and have his assurance that there is no doubt about it. He thought at first—as I did—that, owing to the mild winter and high waters, it would be an early season, with fish in first-class condition, but he soon found that this was not the case. Anglers who have fished some of the best known lakes in England and Scotland will, I think, agree that the poor season has not been confined to the South.

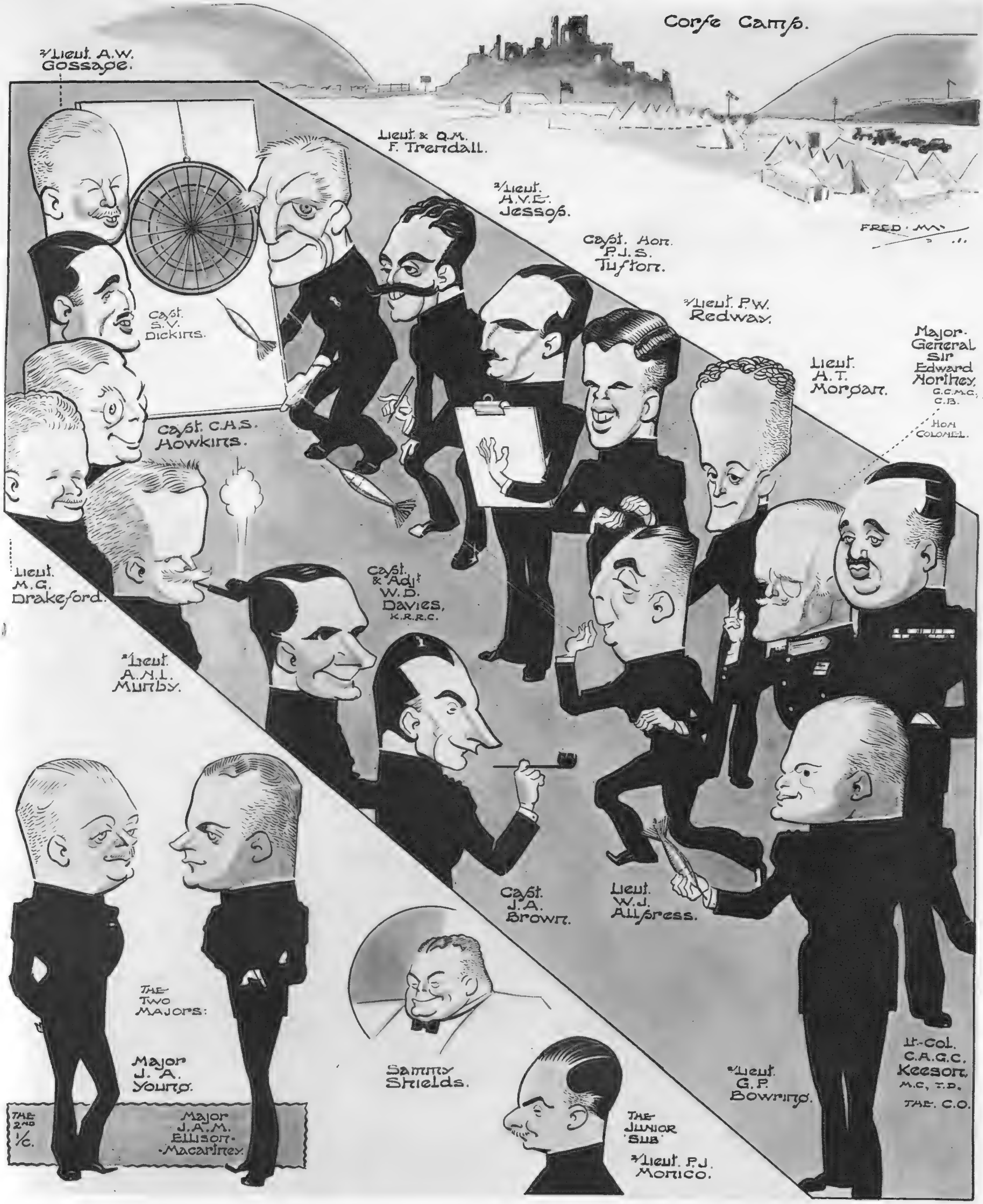
The angler in our photograph is FISHING FOR BARBEL *in the watercourse of the Manzamnyama River, South Rhodesia. A barbel has been hooked and brought to the bank. The natives wade in pools of water in the river and spear the fish.*

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Admiral and Lady Drummond and party landed thirty-eight trout, averaging 6½ lb. in weight, heaviest fish 9½ lb., during three days' fishing at Tarawera, in the Rotorua district, New Zealand.

Two fine mullet, weighing 4½ lb. and 4 lb. 14 oz., were caught on 4x gut by Mr. Read in the harbour at Lynmouth.—R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of " The Sketch " is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in " The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of " The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

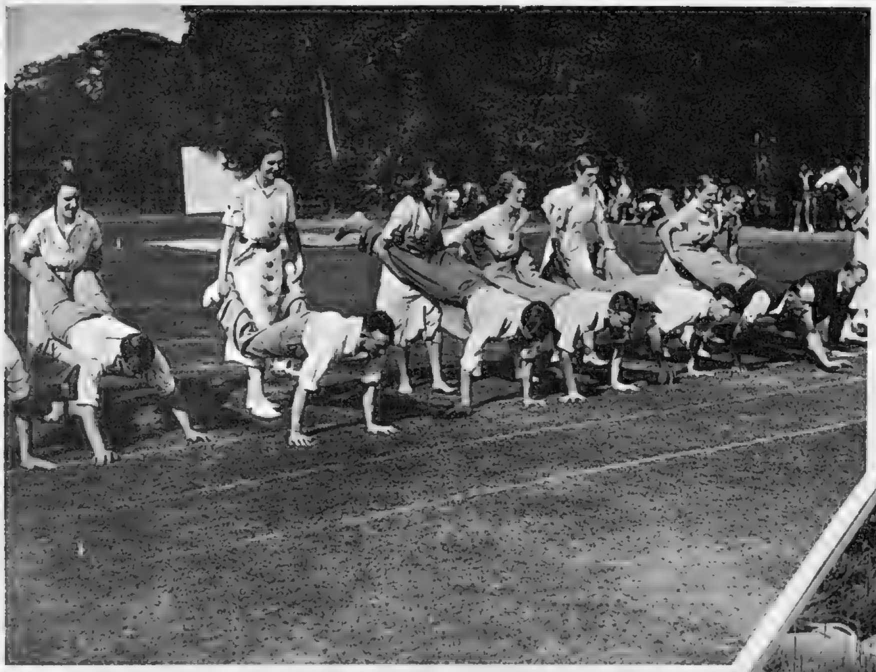


CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S RIFLES.

THE 9TH LONDON REGIMENT *(Queen Victoria's Rifles) was originally the Duke of Cumberland's Sharpshooters. With the exception of the H.A.C., this regiment claims to be the oldest Territorial unit with uninterrupted service. The official documents are dated 1792, but it was in 1803 that it received its recognition as an armed unit. The regiment's war record is excellent. It was in France in 1914, and through most of the heavy fighting, particularly at Ypres and Hill 60, which it actually held against some severe attacks during its first engagement in action in the Great War. The first V.C. ever awarded to a Territorial was won by one of its officers in 1915.*

CLIVEDEN WHEELBARROW AND SACK RACE FUN.



LADY WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY, *formerly the Hon. Phyllis Astor, is with her son and daughter, the* HON. JANE *and the* HON. TIMOTHY WILLOUGHBY. *She is Lord Astor's only daughter.*

A flower show and sports meeting were held at Cliveden, Viscount Astor's famous place at Taplow, on one of August's most glorious days. The big field for the wheelbarrow race, here lined up waiting for the flag to drop, included MR. BOBBIE SHAW, *the* HON. JOHN ASHLEY-COOPER, LADY WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY, *the* HON. J. J. ASTOR *(third couple from left),* MRS. GRENFELL, *and the* HON. MICHAEL ASTOR.

Right: The HON. JOHN ASHLEY-COOPER, *the* HON. MICHAEL ASTOR, MR. BOBBIE SHAW, *and the* HON. J. J. ASTOR *were among the competitors in the sack race.*

VISCOUNTESS ASTOR, M.P., *was active in organising the events of the day. She is with* MISS ANNE WINN *(daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Winn), who has just won the Girls' Obstacle Race.*

The HON. MICHAEL ASTOR *and* MRS. PHIPPS *are here for the moment in the rôle of spectators, watching a race. Mr. Astor is the third of Lord Astor's sons.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

GRAMOPHONE CONCERT

FOR CLARISSA AND THE PENGUINS.

The HON. MRS. ANTHONY CHAPLIN *is in charge of a gramophone concert for the entertainment of her daughter* CLARISSA *and a pair of velvet penguins. She is the daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Tom Bridges, the distinguished soldier and former Governor of South Australia, and married Viscount Chaplin's elder son and heir in 1933. Clarissa, who was born in 1934, takes after her father in her interest in birds; for he is an excellent decorative artist and has done a number of studies of humming-birds which, in their detailed beauty, recall Japanese paintings.*

Pamela Stanley as Queen Victoria

Ernest Milton as Disraeli

James Woodburn as John Brown

THE HOUSMAN "VICTORIA" AND VICTORIANS AT THE LYRIC.

Carl Esmond as Prince Albert.

Allan Aynesworth as Lord Conyngham

Mabel Terry-Lewis as the Duchess of Sutherland

"VICTORIA REGINA," *the series of one-act plays by Laurence Housman recently produced at the Lyric Theatre (after having had to wait many a weary year before the Censor's ban in regard to plays presenting royalty on the stage was lifted), is the success of the Coronation year theatrical season in London. On these pages we give six pencil portraits by Grant Macdonald of members of the distinguished cast.* MISS PAMELA STANLEY, *who plays the Queen throughout sixty years of her reign, is the sister of Lord Stanley of Alderley;* MR. CARL ESMOND *gives a distinguished portrait of the Prince Consort; and Mr. Ernest Milton is Disraeli at his most fantastic.* MISS MABEL TERRY LEWIS'S *performance as the Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes, is one of the most perfect she has ever given; and everyone regrets that* MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH, *who takes the part of Lord Conyngham, is seen only in the first playlet.* MR. JAMES WOODBURN *is a verra' Scottish John Brown.*

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY GRANT MACDONALD.

SOCIALITES IN THE GOLDEN SUNSHINE MONTE CARLO,

MISS ANNE MITCHELL, *of New York, in her jodhpurs of printed cotton, bought in India, and white linen beach jacket, was a lunch guest of* MRS. CARTWRIGHT *at Casa Estrella. The third in the picture is* MRS. O'MALLEY-KEYES, *who has now left for Biarritz.*

M. *and* MME. JACQUES WITTOUCK *are popular Monte Carlo "regulars" both in winter and summer. He is a well-known Belgian racehorse owner.*

MISS ROSEMARY STANLEY, *daughter of Lady (Victor) Stanley, in the brilliant sunshine of Monte Carlo beach.*

MLLE. RAYMONDE ROSENTHAL *is a belle of the beach at Deauville. Note the shell ear-rings and the scarlet flower which complete the effect of her lovely flowered pareo.*

MISS "DIDY" GUTHRIE *and* MISS URSULA GIBBONS *are two 1937 débutantes holiday-making at Antibes. "Didy" is the daughter of Sir Connop Guthrie, and Ursula is the daughter of Lady Orr-Lewis.*

OF THE FAVOURITE PLAGES OF DEAUVILLE, AND THE RIVIERA.

MRS. SYDNEY EMANUEL *had just arrived at the Beach Club, Monte Carlo, when this photograph was taken.*

MISS MONICA DRUMMOND *is also decorating the Monte Carlo beach scene. She is a niece of the Earl of Perth and a daughter of Colonel the Hon. Maurice Drummond. She is staying at the villa of Donna Carla Raggio-Browne and will go to Scotland later.*

MISS DIANA BARRYMORE, *daughter of Mr. John Barrymore, is a decorative figure in her beach suit. She is with* MR. RAGGIO-BROWNE.

H.I.H. THE GRAND DUKE DIMITRI OF RUSSIA *and his son,* H.S.H. PRINCE PAUL ILLYNSKY, *at Monte Carlo with* MME. PIERRE POLOVTSOFF. *She is a clever artist.*

MRS. W. S. TANFIELD, *who, with her husband, has taken Mrs. Osler's villa with the green roof on the point of Cap d'Antibes. She is seen at Cannes in a very graceful pareo.*

TALES WITH A STING.

DINING ALONE.

By JOHN RATHO.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

"BON soir, M'sieur." Jupion greeted me, and he led me to my usual corner table. "Bit quiet, to-night, aren't you, Jupion?" I asked as I sat down. The plump little Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"Monday night, *M'sieur*—just a few regular patrons. Very nice, very tranquil—*n'est-ce-pas?*" Taking some time over it, I studied the menu, enjoying to the full the rare pleasure of ordering dinner for myself. Jupion, with a beaming smile, placed one of his special brandy cocktails at my elbow.

"This is—how do you say?—'on the house,'" he declared, and with a genial bow he hurried away to welcome some "patrons" who had just arrived. Sipping my cocktail, I looked round the room with interest, studying my fellow-diners, and wondering about their lives.

The actress in the other corner, for instance; obviously an actress, as her companion, a rotund Jew, was eagerly pointing out to her the merits of a play manuscript. She appeared bored and uninterested in the part that he was urging her to undertake. Perhaps she felt it was not large enough, though it was by far the longest part in the play. Perhaps she felt that the housemaid's rôle was such as could be built up till it overshadowed her own. She tried to imagine herself in the part of a housemaid and failed; which was odd, because it was as a housemaid that she had earned her living a little less than eight years before. A succession of Empress and courtezan parts hid, like a spangled curtain, the realities of her early life.

Her Jewish companion was a producer of some repute, whose annual income seldom dropped below the £10,000 mark, for his plays all dealt with themes of which the British public never tire. In each, there was at least one undressing scene. His private life was well ordered and most respectable. He lived in complete tranquillity with a Jewish mistress in the suburbs, and kept, at great expense, his wife—a Christian—in a luxurious and over-furnished flat in Park Street. Both ladies had gained his affection, and he was seldom unfaithful to them except on business.

He patted Tamar's hand, and smiled seductively. To his perpetual surprise and pleasure he had found, in early life, that he could have all the success with women that he wanted. He was far from handsome, but he had a certain appealing charm which seldom failed to attract. It was important to him that Tamar should take the part. Her box-office following was enormous, and she was quite a good actress when she tried. He stroked the inside of her wrist, between two diamond bracelets, and sighed. He hoped that Rachel would think that he had spent the night with his wife if he did not come home. "How beautiful you are, Tamar," he whispered, and ordered some more brandy.

Behind Tamar's table sat a young man, alone, drinking Burgundy. He had dreamy eyes, long fingers, and fair hair which was a thought untidy. He kept thrusting one hand into the pocket of his dinner jacket, as if to be sure that the pistol he was carrying was still there.

If he could not get the money that night he would have to use the pistol. He preferred to think of suicide like that. "Using the pistol" made it sound quite simple, like "using the telephone." In spite of his effeminate looks he was brave, and as he was desperate he felt that he might even use the pistol on someone else, if by doing so he could get £500. But he felt blackmail would be easier.

Romaine adored him, was rich and inexplicably mean. Though she had half-a-dozen houses scattered all over Europe and most of the Empress Josephine's diamonds, she never had a taxi fare in her bag. It had become a joke between them, and though she used to laugh at herself for appearing on his doorstep for one of their secret meetings without a penny, it was always he who had to pay her taxi. She could never, of course, come in one of her several cars, in case her husband found out—that mysterious husband who poured money away for her, but of whom, it appeared, she was mortally afraid.

But her unwillingness to pay for anything was not just a pose. It was her nature, and it was with enjoyment that she saw him pay for her magazines when he saw her off at Victoria to Le Touquet or Biarritz, leaving him in London to slave away at his wretched job.

The young man drained his glass, and called for his bill, which he signed. Romaine damn well ought to help him. He had devoted two years of his life to her, and had run up enormous bills in every London restaurant entertaining her. She had told him a hundred times that she loved him. She could now show it.

If Romaine would not give him the money he would have to shoot himself, and that would probably kill his father too, who had heart trouble. The only thing he could do was to threaten to send Romaine's letters to her husband. He would never actually do it, of course, and in any case had no idea where the letters were. He had probably lost them ages ago. If there was still difficulty about the money he would threaten to shoot himself then and there on the new Aubusson which they had chosen together, and of which Romaine was so proud. He smiled drearily. Even though he was desperate he was unable to take seriously the rôle of suicide and blackmailer.

At the next table to the Burgundy-drinking young man sat a very old, very distinguished foreigner. His companion was a cocotte with a shrill laugh, and hair the colour of tomato soup. Her name was Muriel. Prince Passau-Neipperger had been born in Germany fifteen years before that country had become an empire and France had ceased to be one. His riches were so vast that even after the Revolution and the Inflation he was still the richest-but-one German citizen.

It was just after the war that the greatest shadow of all fell on his life. His wife, whom he adored, went mad, and had to be shut up alone, save for nurses and keepers, in one of his remotest castles. In 1926 she died. In a world so utterly changed as to be unrecognisable to the old nobleman, 1927 saw him in Deauville in search of youth and companionship. These qualities he found in Hélène Dupont, a dressmaker who ran a highly successful business in Paris, with branches all over France. Dupont (everyone, except the Prince, had difficulty in thinking of her as a woman rather than a famous dress shop) in due course became the second Princess Passau-Neipperger, to the astonishment of the Prince's friends, and the indignation of Doorn.

His second wife was not unfaithful to him until 1930, when his few remaining friends kindly pointed out to the vague and dreaming Prince that his wife's relations with her chauffeur were becoming notorious. For a year he ignored these suspicions, till at last a fourth son was born to the house of Passau-Neipperger. This, the Prince decided, was going a little far, so he arranged a divorce and Hélène retired with the capable Philippe to St. Cloud and her dressmaking business, which continued to flourish.

The old Prince was alone once more; like a ghost he had wandered in Paris, London and Rome, dreaming of the past glories of Germany and Austria, and forever seeking old faces which yearly grew fewer. Muriel he had met in London some weeks before, and because she was small, shrill, and affectionate, like a dachshund puppy given long ago to his wife by the Kaiserin, he liked to have her about. He gave her a bracelet, a fur coat, and several large cheques. Of the latter she was inordinately fond. Muriel was not a bad girl. In fact, she was a very good girl. Her sex life was that of a canary, and what little she did, she did because she found it highly profitable.

The money she was given, as often as not found its way into the pockets of her parents. The rest was put in the bank, and soon formed quite a respectable sum. When she had collected all she needed from what she termed "her gentlemen," she was going to marry Arthur, and they would buy a road-house on the Kingston By-pass, and settle down very happily. Arthur thoroughly approved of this arrangement, and was only afraid that Muriel might want to get married before her bank balance was quite large enough for their needs.

Such were the characters and stories I ascribed to my fellow-diners—but then I have always had a vivid imagination, especially after one of Jupion's really excellent brandy cocktails. [THE END.]

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

"WOMAN CHASES MAN," *the United Artists release presented by Samuel Goldwyn, at the London Pavilion, introduces Kenneth Nolan* (JOEL McCREA) *as the careful son who won't pay up for his father's building scheme. He's up a tree, with the contract in his hand, and Virginia* (MIRIAM HOPKINS) *beside him. Nina* (LEONA MARICLE) *and Henri* (ERIK RHODES) *are after him too—to sign a marriage contract.*

Below: Virginia (MIRIAM HOPKINS), *lovely, penniless, and a student of architecture, believes in the housing scheme of B. J. Nolan. She stops at nothing to get Kenneth Nolan* (JOEL McCREA) *to sign the contract to lend his father the money for it, though the struggle is pretty tough!*

"WOMAN CHASES MAN" — WITH A BUILDING CONTRACT!

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

MRS. R. COVE-SMITH *and* PENELOPE ANNE COVE-SMITH *are the attractive wife and baby daughter of Dr. R. Cove-Smith, the former England "Rugger" captain. She was Miss Florence Margaret (Peggy) Harris; was married in 1933; and has an elder daughter, Rona, born in 1934.*

"WHAT is the greatest test of popularity?" is a nice, silly-season problem to propound to those basking on sun-warmed beaches. As they will all be too happily lazy to think of the answer, I will give it right away. It is to draw a smart congregation to your wedding in August, as Miss Rosemary Helen Wilson (now Mrs. Harry Blake Tyler) did! She is the elder of Mrs. Minto Wilson's two girls, the younger being the wife of Lord Bridgeman's brother, Maurice; and is tall, slender, and rather Mona Lisa-ish. Her *matt* white crêpe dress suited her to perfection, and I liked the short veil over her face and the lovely long Brussels lace one used as a train. This, by the way, was not lent by a woman friend, as per usual, but by Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, brother of Lord Elphinstone and expert on Chinese ceramics.

But to return to the wedding, the guests included Mrs. Bridgeman and her little girl, Erica Jane, who was the one and only bridesmaid—a typical Bridgeman in appearance, rather like her distinguished late grandfather, Lord Bridgeman, who was so long at Admiralty House as First Lord. Among the ushers were Maurice Bridgeman, Francis Coventry and Alexander Hood, and those smart and attractive Scottish sisters, the Ladies Jean Rankin and Marion Philipps, attended. So did Lady Viola Dundas; and Lady Clive, accompanied by her tall husband.

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London has not been quite a desert, either artistically or theatrically. The Second Summer Exhibition at the R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly, offers a nice show of neat paintings, gift-worthy in size, price and quality, more or less academic, but varied in style. There are calm, controlled landscapes to take you over England to the Continent, and so many flower-pieces that it's like a visit to Vincent Square for the Spring or Summer Shows. The first painting which took my eye was "Our Polly," by Charles Spencelayh—a study of an old man holding a stuffed parrot in a glass case, meticulous and full of character.

The Private View was on one of the hottest days of last week, and the glass roof did nothing to mitigate the tropical temperature, but the show is such a popular one that a good many people risked suffocation and turned up. A distinguished and talented man was there in the person of Colonel Graham Seton-Hutchison, who wrote the famous "W Plan." He has two pictures hanging—one a clever impressionist study of "Pall Mall, 6.30 a.m., 12th May, 1937", and the other a small Buckinghamshire landscape.

I saw Rachel, Lady Clonmell there, too, and Mr. Sidney Lee, the R.A. One particularly cool-toned and Padwick-like landscape was "Rising Mist, Bolton Abbey," by J. Haggis—very pleasant to live with. David Ghilchik's "Bachelor Days" gave us a nice young man, plus dressing-gown, slippers, and gold-fish in a bowl, reading a book peacefully in front of the fire.

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The London Casino Show is really wonderful and all we girls were green with envy over the display of furs in one of the revue turns. All real, and worth thousands and thousands! The dresses throughout are exotic and lovely and more extravagant than anything I can remember. The ostrich feathers alone in one scene when "Les Girls" were all gotten up as swans (in ostrich plumage!) must mount up to four-figure prices! The audience, which included the Rumanian Minister, and Lord North with a party, counted many well-dressed women among it, but we all looked very simply attired compared with the stage girls.

MISS CONSTANCE HELEN STREET, *only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rendell Street, of Sydney, Australia, is engaged to Lieut. Gerald Henry H. Culme-Seymour, R.N., only son of Lieut.-Com. Evelyn Culme-Seymour, R.N.*

MISS PEGGY ISABELLA STEWART FRASER, *elder daughter of Rear-Admiral J. S. G. Fraser and Mrs. Fraser, is engaged to Mr. Ray Mainwaring, elder son of the late Mr. W. M. Mainwaring.*

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My spy at Salzburg writes: "Regular visitors to the Salzburg Festival notice many changes. The tranquillity which once characterised the square in front of the Festspielhaus has been replaced by clatter and din caused by the work of carrying out Toscanini's plans for an extension of the stage and auditorium under the supervision of Professor Clemens Holzmeister, who originally built the theatre out of the Archbishop's riding school. There are changes among the actors and singers, too. Toscanini's find for the rôle of the Königen der Nacht in 'Zauberflöte' was Fräulein Julia Osvath, a girl of nineteen, whom he heard at a pupils' performance of the Budapest Royal Academy of Music. She was a tremendous success at the dress rehearsal, when the orchestra rose to applaud its beloved conductor and his latest discovery, but unluckily on the first night, she was a little nervous and did not give a perfect performance. Werner Krauss is the new Mephisto for 'Faust,' and Paula Wessely, who is the lovely Marguerite for Reinhardt's production, now shudders at a handsome devil with more than a suggestion of Napoleon about him!

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"First-night audiences have included Mrs. Roosevelt, mother of the President of the United States. This wonderful old lady, who was eighty in June, was as lively and as interested as any young girl. She wore a very smart dark evening dress and was with Mrs. Donner-Roosevelt, her granddaughter, a radiant figure in white. Lady Oxford was there, too. The Duchess of Windsor was studying the stage through her golden lorgnette, and she and the Duke of Windsor obviously enjoyed the

LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY *is here seen trying to take a snap of these youngsters, who are destined for the polo field, but they were too inquisitive, and wanted to know what the camera was. She is the younger daughter of the Duke of Hamilton and the wife of Mr. J. Drummond-Hay. She has just had a baby girl.*

lovely performance. When it was over they went to the *chic* night-club run by Graf Ludi Salm, the former lawn-tennis player, and member of a famous Austrian family. Mr. Somerset Maugham was also there and sat at a table next to theirs.

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" But the English invaders have not merely come as spectators this year. They are trying to participate in the artistic activities of Salzburg. Helen Gahagan, a young American of Irish descent, sang British and Austrian songs, accompanied by Herr Julius Marx, a brilliant composer and accompanist. Dr. Kerber, manager of the Vienna Opera and the Salzburg Music Festival, came to her concert and enjoyed it. Then Prunella Corbould Pott is showing her drawings and paintings at the Kunstsalon Zulehner on the Alter Markt. The whole town has been talking about this clever English artist, who came to Austria some eight years ago and is practically Austrian. For months on end she travels through the country, never shutting her sketch-book, and immortalising Austrian peasants and their children in their picturesque national costume. Her technique is meticulous and representational rather than modern; but its neatness and accuracy have a very definite appeal."

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From the Côte d'Azur comes news that the lovely beaches are crowded, and that there are many French about in long and expensive-looking cars, in spite of the crisis! Most of the women wear shorts, which are not very becoming to the feminine form. Just a few girls who are not only slim, but slender in build, look sweet in them. Princess Ursula von Hohenlohe and Miss Barbara Pollen have been wearing the coarse linen fishermen's trousers bought locally, but Lady Portarlington's pyjamas are very special. A famous designer has made her half-a-dozen pairs in uncrushable pastel-coloured, rough-surfaced crêpe. There are flat patch pockets in front at the waist, so only a very slim woman can carry off the line. The back of the bodice is cut for sunbathing, but a little jacket turns it into cocktail-party wear or even a dinner dress in these informal climes.

The weather has been perfect for swimming and water-ski-ing (at which Lord Long of Wraxall and Mr. James Drummond are now experts), and at Cap d'Antibes one can now see some wonderful displays of aquatic skill. This is a paradise for the fine swimmer, as the water at Eden Roc is deep and clear. Among the well-knowns staying there are Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester. He must find it a great rest to get away from film fans who clamour to have his name in their books! Need we add that Miss Margaret Morris is also one of the bathers? She is faithful to the Cap d'Antibes and comes there every summer.

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Sweltering in the almost tropical heat of the Paris Collections (why is it that Paris has a heat wave *every* year during the first week in August?), one could only admire the self-control of the mannequins, who wrapped their enormous fur coats about them as though they really liked it. And some of the coats are terrific. They afford a very complete disguise, for they are as heavy, and almost as shapeless, as hearthrugs — the white, woolly-bear kind! Chanel did one in white bearskin, and nearly everybody used a great deal of beaver, clipped and shaded with light stripes. But perhaps the most luxurious things in a season of rich and elaborate clothes were Paquin's long evening coats, one of mink, the skins worked vertically in the sweeping instep-length skirt, and horizontally as far as the hips, its slender waist sashed in chiffon; and his black evening coat caped with silver fox, the wide skirt rayed with vertical skins, with the heads around the hips. Both were slender in effect and utterly lovely.

At the opposite end of the scale were some of the evening frocks, skin tight, and consummately draped to reveal every curve of the figure, very low cut across the front, with halter draperies about the neck and completely bare backs. Obviously diaphragms are going to be every woman's danger-spot in 1937, for day and evening dresses alike are moulded flatly there with soft draperies above and below. It seems certain that both corsetières and exercise experts will be kept pretty busy!

. . . . .

It would be too much to expect that the Exhibition would have no influence on fashion, and one was in some measure prepared for the spate of vivid sequin embroideries, and even for Mainbocher's rather lovely short-skirted evening frock in black net, with fireworks exploding all over the skirt in multi-coloured sequins. But it *did* come as a surprise when a conservative Englishman like Creed suddenly showed an evening tailored suit that was almost an exact copy of a side-saddle riding habit! He made it in black cellophane with a yellow whipcord riding jacket, and save for the fact that it was faintly reminiscent of fancy dress, it looked good.

The same idea appeared in Lelong's collection, but he was inspired by the Haute École, making his dress in black velvet, and lifting the skirt to reveal a pleated petticoat bordered in peony and green taffeta, completing the picture with a riding-hat crowned with ostrich feathers. Apparently smart women will want to take their horses with them to Hunt Balls.

MARIEGOLD.

MR. C. R. H. KINDERSLEY, *Highland Light Infantry, eldest son of Lieut.-Col. A. O. L. Kindersley, is engaged to* MISS ANN BARLOW, *daughter of Major R. G. Barlow.*

The marriage of ISMAY, VISCOUNTESS TIVERTON *to Mr. Donald Ross, younger son of the late Brig.-Gen. Sir Donald Ross of Cromarty, will take place shortly.*

MISS PAULINE DE LA CHAPELLE, *daughter of Colonel Comte and Comtesse de la Chapelle, is engaged to Mr. Philip Harley Marsh.*

The marriage of MR. HARRY BLAKE TYLER, *son of the late Mr. Blake Tyler and of Mrs. Blake Tyler, of Philadelphia, to* MISS ROSEMARY HELEN WILSON, *elder daughter of Mrs. Minto Wilson, took place at Chelsea Old Church.*

"... AND SON." *Ignoring modern methods, the family firm builds its boats in the old, old way.*

"ACHIEVEMENT." *The head of the company has "considerable pleasure" in inspecting his vessel before launching.*

CHINA IN THE NEWS — AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISH HUMORIST.

DRAWN BY JOHN O'H. ASHDOWN.

TWO OF OUR OLDEST THEATRICAL FRIENDS.

The personages of the Comeddia dell' Arta—Clown, Pantaloon, Columbine and Harlequin—are our oldest theatrical friends. This delightful representation of them in somewhat rustic guise is from the picture "Personnages de la Comédie Italienne," by Fargeot.

CLASSIC SURREALISM.

FROM THE PICTURE BY PAUL MAK.

Paul Mak, the artist who painted this lovely decorative picture, calls it "Ulysses' Barque"; so it may be regarded as a classic piece of surrealism!

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *(right)* and her sister-in-law, the DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH, *went out to see the sport at Durisdeer, Dumfriesshire, on the opening day of the season. T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were guests of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig last week.*

Right: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER *(left) enjoyed a day's sport on the Twelfth with his brother-in-law, the* DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH. *They are followed by other members of the party, which included Commander Hawkins, Lord Burghley (both brothers-in-law of the Duke of Gloucester), the Earl of Dalkeith, son of the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir John Milne Home, and Mr. Bowes Daly.*

THE BOLD BUCCLEUCH AND HIS ROYAL BROTHER-IN-LAW OUT SHOOTING.

OUT ON THE HILL AGAIN IN YORKSHIRE, WHO SHOT ON

LORD SWINTON, *Secretary of State for Air, shot over Pott Moor, Masham, Yorks, on the Twelfth. Dinah has just retrieved a bird.*

The party at Downie Park, Cortachy, Angus, are here making their way to the the host; the HON. LADY FOX, *the hostess;* LORD *and* LADY ELTISLEY, *parents of Lady Fox;* LORD *and* LADY FORESTER, LORD *and* LADY MOUNTGARRET, COL. *and* MRS. WYNDHAM, SIR IAN FORBES-LEITH, BT., *and* SIR CHARLES CAYZER, BT.

MR. DUFF COOPER, *First Lord of the Admiralty, and* LADY STANLEY *were members of Lord Derby's party on the moors above Buxton.*

SIR IAN *and* LADY FORBES-LEITH OF FYVIE *were guests of Sir Gifford, and the Hon. Lady Fox at Downie Park Lodge, Cortachy.*

DERBYSHIRE AND SCOTLAND: SPORTSMEN THE TWELFTH.

butts in Glen Moye. Those shown include SIR GIFFORD FOX, BT., M.P.,

LADY KELBURN, *formerly Miss Dorothea Lyle, at Glendelvine, where her father, Sir Archibald Lyle, shot on the Twelfth. She is the daughter-in-law of the Earl of Glasgow.*

SIR GIFFORD FOX, BT., *the Conservative Member for Henley, is the shooting tenant of the Airlie estates this season. He is seen in one of the butts on Glen Moye.*

MISS GRACE AMORY *was a decorative member of Mr. H. Pulitzer's shooting-party at the Girn Hill, Amulree, Perthshire.*

THE LIDO WE SHOULD ALL LIKE TO VISIT! "THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH."

Everyone knows that a lazy time on the Lido, the plages of Monte Carlo, Cannes, and other Riviera resorts, or even a week or two on our own sunny coasts, have a rejuvenating effect, but they cannot insure the magical change depicted in this picture by Lucas Cranach the Younger, which was on view at the Cranach exhibition in Berlin! It is called "Der Jungbrunnen," was painted in 1546, and belongs to the Deutsches Museum, Berlin.

LADY ELIZABETH HAS A WORD WITH THE WATER-SPANIEL.

LADY ELIZABETH OLDFIELD, *younger daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, V.C., and of the Countess of Dunmore, is a bride of the year. She is here posed in the drawing-room of her London house having a word or two with her favourite dog, an Irish water-spaniel.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANE HAYDON.

MISS PRUNELLA CORBOULD POTT *is the English artist who is exhibiting paintings of Austrian peasants at Salzburg. She is with* DR. FRANZ REHRL, *Governor of Salzburg. The Austrian Postmaster-General has bought several of Miss Pott's drawings for postcards and stamps.*

JULIA OSVATH *is the new Königen der Nacht in this year's production of "Zauberflöte." She is nineteen years of age, and will return to the Royal Academy of Music at Budapest after her début at Salzburg.*

AULIKKI RAUTAWAARA, *well known to patrons of Glyndebourne, sings the Countess in "Le Mariage de Figaro." She comes from Helsingfors. She is a dog-lover, never separated from her pet except when on the stage!*

PAULA WESSELY, *film-star and Marguerite for "Faust," and* MAX REINHARDT, *the famous producer, are watching Werner Krauss, the Mephisto, rehearse his scene with his disciple.*

MRS. ROOSEVELT, *the eighty-year-old mother of the President of the U.S.A., with her granddaughter-in-law, who has been reading the "Life of Mozart" when staying in his "home town."*

No, neither Napoleon nor Mussolini—but WERNER KRAUSS, *the famous actor, in the part of Mephisto for "Faust" at Salzburg! He has made a big success in the rôle.*

SALZBURG SCENARIO.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THESE TYROLEAN BOYS;—For Having the Freedom of the Kitzbühel Mud and Enjoying an Outdoor Schlammbad.

Mud-baths, or Schlammbaden, *are advised by medical men as a cure for various ills; and very elaborate affairs they are when taken in a Kurhaus and calling for long periods of repose after the hot black mud has been scraped off. The Kitzbühel boys in our photograph have, however, found another form of mud-bath to indulge in. It's taken in the open air—in a swamp, to be exact—and if you can judge from their smiles of satisfaction, it proves most grateful and comforting. Moreover, it's free, which adds yet another attraction!*

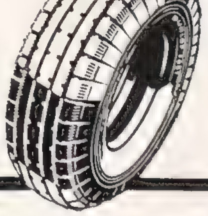
FAMOUS FORTS

WINDSOR CASTLE

Though the Saxon Kings had a residence at Windsor, the present Castle was begun as a fortress by William the Conqueror on the site now occupied by The Famous Round Tower

Of all the mediaeval strongholds, none retains its pristine splendour so well as the royal residence at Windsor. By apt analogy DUNLOP, the first practical pneumatic tyre for the comfort and protection of wheeled transport, still holds in the new DUNLOP Fort, the premier place for safety, length of service and economical upkeep.

The New DUNLOP Fort



C.F.H.

PEPYS
into this
THIRST
QUESTION
AUGUST 1ST Up early, and away in Mr. Fisher's motor carriage, with my wife, Mr. Fisher, his wife and their child Shirley, to our water party up the river. An ill journey, Mr. Fisher's carriage making much noise with little speed and not being intended by its makers for five persons and a meddlesome dog. Arrived at Marlow, we chartered a punt, Mr. Fisher guiding it (none too well) until we were come into a narrow backwater with a neighbouring inn. From which inn we fetched good store of Schweppes' Sparkling Grape Fruit and Sparkling Lime, proper drinks for sun-dry throats. So, upon a smooth green bank facing a great tree, we took our luncheon. And, wearied by the chatter of the child and the clamour of the dog, we were mightily thankful for the gentle solace of those cool drinks for which the House of Schweppes is justly famous.
BE SURE YOU SAY
Schweppes
PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS
Schweppes
SPARKLING
LIME

PHOTOGRAPH BY PEARL FREEMAN.

T. H. THE AGA AND THE BEGUM READY FOR A STATE OCCASION.

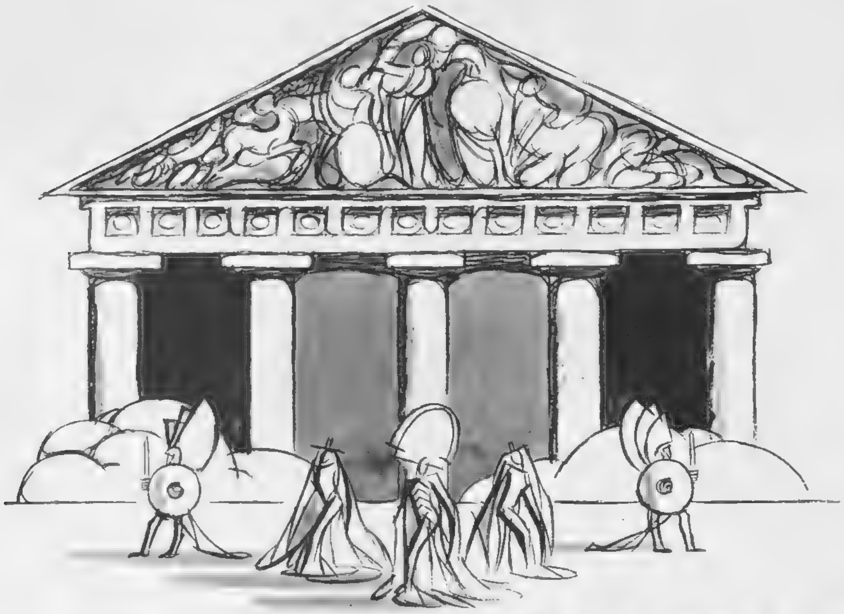
This striking portrait study of H.H. THE AGA KHAN, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E., *and* H.H. THE BEGUM AGA KHAN *shows them arrayed for a State occasion. The Begum, who is French by birth, and was Mlle. Andrée Carron, often wears magnificently embroidered saris for important functions, and is well suited by this graceful style of dress.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON was torrid when I arrived to see the Ben Jonson tercentenary celebrated with a performance of "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR." The heavy pall of heat which hung over the streets had put every man in his humidity. But the Memorial Theatre is extremely well ventilated and the evening was not oppressive indoors. During intervals one could take refreshment on the river terraces while the waters plashed cool and dark beneath, with here and there the white and ghostly glimmer of an Avon swan. Could conditions for summer play-going be nicer? Jonson has not been popular on the English stage for nearly a century.



Magnificence at the LONDON CASINO *is the subject for the illustrations on our pages, which show features of the new entertainment,* "NUITS DE FOLIES." *In this drawing, the* AMBASSADOR OF GREECE *has just made her entrance, with a background of buildings suitable to the occasion.*

He doesn't "make the commercial grade," as an American would say, and, for some reason or other, the "classicalists" concentrate on Shakespeare and leave his friend, colleague, rival, fellow-actor, and fellow-drinker on that large list of memorable folk whom one inevitably fails to remember except on such ceremonial occasions as a centenary. If we are at last to get that National Theatre on the site of Cromwell Gardens—Cromwell is an odd name to be associated with anything theatrical!—presumably Ben will be restored to the rota of approved dramatists. And rightly; for though he may seem, uncut, to be prolix and tediously topical to modern ears, he has plenty of comic force and, with that force discreetly released and canalised, modern laughter can easily be stirred.

"Every Man in His Humour" has rather less of a logical plot than the wildest farce in which Mr. Robertson Hare ever ran before hounds. We are given a run round the town in 1598, a town full of gulls and those who plucked them, ending up, as such gay episodes often do, before the magistrate, who turns out to be a merry, hard-drinking little man with a great sense of humour. Before that we have made acquintance with one fop who pretends to be a sportsman and another who pretends to be a poet, and with a bogus captain, called Bobadil, whose commission is obviously held in a corps where Pistol, Bardolph, and Nym are the chief props of the canteen and set the social tone. Bobadil is a rich example of the swaggering soldier of the comic tradition; he teaches sword-play and trembles at a clink of steel; of course he receives a rare trouncing before the night is out. Mr. Donald Wolfit, who is doing very good work both in tragedy and comedy at Stratford, plays Bobadil with a fine, airy show of the blusterer's loquacious pride and of the sorry deflation that comes to this braggart bubble later on. Mr. Godfrey Kenton strongly commended to us the jealous humours of the rich and nervous Kitely. Mr. Kenneth Wicksteed gave broad effect to the rather difficult fun of Brainworm, the knavish serving-man who is always in disguise, and Mr. Andrew Leigh was in fine form as the merry justice. The production by Mr. Iden Payne was quick and vigorous, and the audience evidently approved highly of seeing a play in which Shakespeare once acted in a town where he and its author were, nearly twenty years later, to have the merry meeting which was better, perhaps, for the licensed victuallers than for anybody's health.

One advantage of play-going in the country is that you may see the players in various kinds of play. No sooner had I watched the Stratford company triumphing with Ben than I saw them overthrown (for the first time) by the Malvern Festival Team at cricket. This annual event—described by some as Shaw *versus* Shakespeare in flannels—took place in a lovely field on a lovely day and produced a lovely finish. When the Shakespeareans were sailing into their last act, with every prospect of another success, a young Shavian—Mr. Alan Robinson, who has been doing so well in character-work at Malvern, especially as the American in "The Apple Cart"—suddenly started to make a sensational appearance as the Demon Bowler. His deliveries ceased to be just good, medium-paced off-breaks, and became thunderbolts from heaven and "exhalations whizzing in the air." He did the "hat-trick," took four wickets for no runs in one over, knocked Shakespeare flat, and should be sent a crown of wild olive with the joint congratulations of Sir Barry Jackson and Mr. Shaw. Anyhow, his bowling was the star performance at Malvern that week. To those attending Malvern, "THE APPLE CART," with or without Mr. Robinson, is strongly recommended.

The AMBASSADOR OF THE U.S.A., *also architecturally equipped.*

So back to London and more serious matters. At the Haymarket, Mr. O'Casey's "JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK" is revived. This piece, as everybody knows, manages to be simultaneously the best comedy and the best tragedy of the nineteen-twenties. There is no need, therefore, for the company to bang it over with any lack of speed or exaggerated emphasis. Of course, Mr. Arthur Sinclair makes a grand peacock of the loafing, lecturing, lying Captain Boyle. Some of his touches are superb. But need he be so deliberate? Miss Maire O'Neill, as the gay Maisie Madigan, is tremendously alive and kicking; but she, too, might leave a little more to the imagination of the audience. Miss Sara Allgood, as Juno, the long-suffering wife of the lazy drunkard Boyle, gives a lovely performance which has not been broadened or spoiled by the passing of time or by the belief that the play, being so familiar, must be treated like a music-hall sketch. However, when stricture has been passed on a certain slowness in performance and on a tendency to sing-song delivery, we must delightedly welcome performances so large in humour and so rich in humanity as those provided by Miss O'Neill and Mr. Sinclair.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—"JUDGMENT DAY" (Phœnix). 8.30.—"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—**PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—"THEY CAME BY NIGHT" (Globe). 8.30.—"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Savoy). 8.30.—"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—"ST. MORITZ" (Coliseum). 2.30 and 8.15.—SHAKESPEARE'S "TWELFTH NIGHT" (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park). "THE GUSHER" (Princes). 8.15.

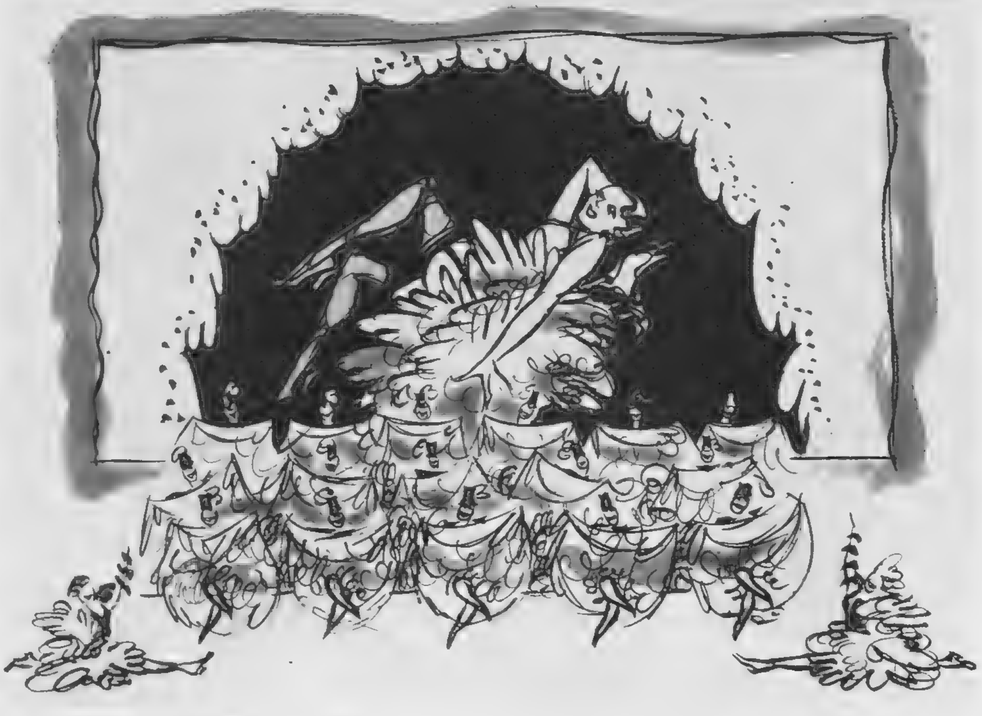
While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

STANLEY WEYMAN'S "best seller" of one's youth, "UNDER THE RED ROBE" (New Gallery), has become a handsomely staged, vigorous picture under the direction of Victor Seastrom. The story is, indeed, admirable material for romantic melodrama which demands swift action, constant change of scene, picturesque settings, and boldly outlined characterisation. As such it plays up to its opportunities in gallant style. Cardinal Richelieu, virtual dictator of seventeenth-century France, is determined to suppress Protestant rebellion in the South. With this object, he commissions Gil de Berault, an adventurer whose exploits as a duellist have earned him the title of "The Black Death," to capture the Duke of Foix. De Berault obtains entrance to the latter's castle by a trick and finally arrests his man. But not, however, until he has fallen in love with the Duke's beautiful sister. In the end, love triumphs, and he sets his captive free, himself returning to Paris to face the penalty of his "honourable treachery" to Richelieu. Conrad Veidt plays the self-sacrificing hero with fine *panache*, at the same time making considerably more of him than a mere swashbuckling adventurer. As the lovely Lady Marguerite, Annabella is a vivid, appealing figure in her period dress, while Raymond Massey's Richelieu has the requisitely ruthless edge. Comedy "relief" comes from de Berault's servant in the person of Romney Brent; and Frank Wells's sets are splendidly designed.

"STRADIVARIUS," the new French picture at the Curzon, strikes a rather nostalgic note through most of its slightly unwieldy length. The story, said to be entirely fictional, centres round the inheritance by a young Austrian officer of the only violin made by Stradivari which he failed to sign. Instead, he inscribed upon it the initial of the Beatrice of his dreams. When he discovered that she loved a rival, Stradivari cursed the instrument, and from thenceforward it brought tragedy upon the various romances of those who possessed it in succession through the centuries. In Budapest, in 1914, the spell is still potent. Its latest owner, Sandor Teleky, is parted from his sweetheart, Maria, not only by the war, but by her Italian nationality. Their final re-uniting and the destruction of the malevolent violin provide a happy "box-office" ending. But it is a concession which makes for some weakening of the dramatic links of the underlying theme. The film is charmingly photographed and charmingly acted. Its pace is leisurely. The camera lingers lovingly upon shots of the river and the famous bridge. Its atmosphere is soft and luminous; its sound backgrounds melodious and sweetly toned; its humour—what there is of it—is a trifle naïve. Pictorially it is a very pleasing experience, and the performances of the two principals, Pierre Richard Willm and Edwige Feuillere fit with gentle significance into a frame whose otherwise gracious outlines are only distorted by the interpolations of the war.



Here you can admire a small portion of the CAN-CAN *as danced at the London Casino.*

"WOMAN CHASES MAN" (London Pavilion) is one of those swift-moving, inconsequent comedy-farces in which Hollywood not only specialises, but excels. Its story opens with an unusual twist, for on this occasion it is a wealthy son who refuses financial assistance to the latest of his father's hitherto disastrous schemes for money-making, and so becomes entangled in the toils of a girl architect determined not only to rescue his disconsolate parent but to land a well-paid job on her own account. Such a plan, of course, could only be carried through successfully by a female who, though she claims to have the brain of a man, admits to thinking like a woman when she finds it necessary. It is this combination of masculine strength and feminine subtlety, portrayed with most entertaining audacity by Miriam Hopkins, which proves the swift undoing of the hitherto conservative and careful Joel McCrea, whose victimisation, financial and romantic, is a foregone conclusion. The lady is much more than ably abetted by Charles Winninger, whose study of the inventive, harassed B. J. Nolan is one of the best things this always delightful actor has ever done. As for Miriam Hopkins, her pantomimic ability, her admirable timing, and the poise and zest of her whole performance are the hall-marks of a clever and accomplished comedienne. And Joel McCrea's rendering of the complacent son's "regeneration" from sobriety to intoxication, from parsimony to extravagance, rounds off a comedy of situation which gains rather than suffers from its frequent incursions into farce. Illustrations of this picture will be seen on another page.

No! This is not a further scène gigantesque *—merely the entertaining view to be had should one raise one's eyes from the pursuit of food—that is, if one is cad enough to eat at the presentation of the Ambassador of Austria with a violin.*

"Period" melodrama of the America of something less than fifty years ago is the subject of "HIS AFFAIR" (Gaumont, Haymarket). This is a strong picture, tensely directed by William A. Seiter, and extremely well acted by all the members of a large and competent cast. Its story deals with a secret mission entrusted by President McKinley to a young naval lieutenant to discover the identity of the man behind a widespread series of bank robberies. The film is packed with action, exciting, and taut with suspense; its early twentieth-century backgrounds are carefully realistic. The characters, too, are well drawn, virile studies, effectively contrasted. Of these, Robert Taylor, as the lieutenant who poses as a crook in order to secure the confidence of the gang, has an excellent part and makes the most of his opportunities. Barbara Stanwyck also is well suited to the rôle of Lil, a cabaret star. The romance between her and the President's "spy" is necessarily fraught with conflicting emotions, and strikes an increasingly dramatic note. It is, however, the performance of Victor McLaglen as a dunder-headed crook with a passion for practical jokes which is most poignant and memorable.

M. E. N.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE: "LOST HORIZON" (Tivoli).—"YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE" (Academy).—**FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "UNDER THE RED ROBE" (New Gallery.)—"STRADIVARIUS" (Curzon).—"WOMAN CHASES MAN" (London Pavilion).—"THE SHOW GOES ON" (Hippodrome).—"SLAVE SHIP" (Regal).—"HIS AFFAIR" (Gaumont, Haymarket).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

THE YOUNGSTERS OF PHILPSTOUN HOUSE.

JACK STEWART-CLARK has accompanied his sister, NORENA SARA STEWART-CLARK, on a stroll with her dolls in the grounds of Philpstoun House, Linlithgow. They are the son and daughter of Sir Stewart Stewart-Clark, second Baronet, and Lady Stewart-Clark, formerly Miss Jane Clarke.

JACK STEWART-CLARK is a keen horticulturist, and is here seen hard at work in his garden at Philpstoun House.

Though this is not a bicycle made for two, it carries JACK and NORENA SARA STEWART-CLARK quite conveniently.

Right: JACK and NORENA SARA STEWART-CLARK evidently had a good joke between them. Unfortunately, we can't let you into the secret of what it was!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

READY FOR "GOING GREEK" AT BLACKPOOL BEFORE LONDON.

LOUISE BROWNE *will again be Leslie Henson's leading lady—in* "GOING GREEK," *the musical comedy which Firth Shephard will bring to the Gaiety Theatre on September 16, following a two-weeks' season at Blackpool which is due to begin on August 30. The "team" will be the same as for the two previous Gaiety shows, "Seeing Stars" and "Swing Along"—that is, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne, Roy Royston, and Debroy Somers and his band; with the addition of Mary Lawson.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOUSTON ROGERS.

ALL IN SEARCH OF OIL! "THE GUSHER," AT THE PRINCES.

*Ian Hay's thriller, "*THE GUSHER,*" at the Princes, opens in prison. Scruffy* (CYRIL SMITH*; standing at table) will be free on the morrow and is being told how to get the maps of the "Island of Liquid Gold." The Dodger* (BERNARD LEE*; next warder, left), the Warder* (RUSSELL DURRAN)*, and Larry Pound* (HENRY THOMPSON*; right) are the characters.*

On "Liquid Gold Island." A crude plant has been put up by the oil well. The characters are Peter (ALASTAIR SIM)*, Myrtle* (JOAN HICKSON)*, Valentine* (PERCY PARSONS)*, and Red* (HENRY THOMPSON)*.*

Kay Forrester (CHRISTINE BARRY) *finds Jack Rendall* (JACK LIVESEY) *bound at the foot of the idol on the mysterious island; and rescues him.*

Barry's Bar is situated in the East End of London. Here the villains plan to get possession of the "Liquid Gold Island" in the Pacific.

The natives, resenting the arrival of the white men, have appealed to their god. Peter (ALASTAIR SIM) *appears as this deity and the prisoners are released.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO. CO.

JOHN EVERARD.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

IN clothes, nothing else can ever take the place of perfect cutting and fitting, so it is the grandest news that from now until September 11 Debenham and Freebody are offering special prices for their made-to-order suits, and for models copied in their Court dressmaking workrooms. This is done so that their workroom organisation may be maintained at full strength during this time when so many people are out of London.

AT the head of this page is a beige Harris tweed suit, the neat jacket, with its rounded corners, having two pleats at the back from the shoulders to the waist. The slender skirt has a flap at one side, and the special price is 12½ guineas, although others are available from 9½ guineas.

THE frock on the right is an original Paris model in soft black wool, with a white silk petersham *gilet* folded over at the neckline and held by white leather flower motifs at the neck and waist. This comes from the Model Gown Department, where dresses will be specially made to measure from 8½ guineas.

AUTUMN HEADLINES.

A HEAD - DRESS — very like a Zulu warrior's — of silver fox. Five pompoms, set in a circle, are held on by a shaped band of black felt . . . and the result, as you can see, is entrancing. The cape-coat of silver fox is mounted on tucked georgette, and is astonishingly slender in effect. The hat and the cape both come from Harrods, of Knightsbridge.

THE BONNET — very like a Salvation Army lass's, its brim folded forward, and its back pleated and held close against the hair. It is made in black velour, and has a luxuriant veil. The flat little cape is of café-dyed ermine, beautifully worked, with the skins curving in to a diagonal shoulder yoke.

THE JULIET CAP — decidedly more sophisticated than it was when first we grew so fond of it. The second girl wears it in brown velvet with large hand-made taffetas and velvet flowers set on the front, the twisted stems and leaves carried along one side. Both these models come from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MISS TENNYSON JESSE'S new novel is built up round a "seeming miracle." On the hills above a little town on the Riviera, a pretty lady dressed in blue and white appeared to two shepherd children; after hesitation and inquiry, the Church announced this mysterious stranger to have been the Blessed Virgin herself, and authorised Haut Fraxinet as a place of pilgrimage. The parish priest, Cabadeus, a saint and scholar, and a man of childlike faith, was at first very unhappy about it all. He knew Sylvestre and Simone, and could not help feeling that they were rather unsatisfactory recipients of the divine favour; and then, as far as he could judge, the effect of the miracle was extremely bad. The austere and lovely solitude of the mountain-top, desecrated by a rabble of pious trippers in *chars-à-bancs*, now presented "a lively commingling of Benares and Margate," while the inhabitants of Vieux Fraxinet, instead of shedding their former vices, had become grasping as well—they would have cut each other's throats for the chance of selling medals, picture-postcards, or miraculous water. But all this, the *curé* told himself, was none of his business. The miracle had happened; the Church had authenticated it; his duty was to accept, not to criticise.

LANCE HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW *is the baby son of Count and Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, and is now seventeen months old. He was born in London and has been spending a bathing holiday with his parents in Venice.*

The Virgin of Fraxinet.

His friend, Colonel Erskine, did not believe in the miracle, or in the Catholic Church, or in God for that matter. But he believed very strongly in Cabadeus. And when he discovered that his own cousin, Vera Fanshawe, had staged the whole thing — that she had returned to Fraxinet with the "Virgin's" robes in her trunk—his first anxiety was to make sure that Cabadeus should never know. He got Vera down to Fraxinet *plage*, where she would be under his eye, and bought her a ticket for the next boat. But the advent of a party of Oxford Groupers upset his plan; Vera could not resist the temptation to "share" her miracle-mongering, and Cabadeus was present. Nor did the mischief end there. The truth alone had been bad enough, but far more shattering to Cabadeus was the Church's decision to hush it up.

That is the story. But "Act of God" is not solely about Mrs. Fanshawe's miracle; it is about the three Fraxinets and their inhabitants, and about the Mediterranean, and the whole world, and the human race, and the stars in their courses—about love, religion and unbelief. Yet it is a short novel, and extremely deliberate; every point is made with great nicety, and nothing is allowed to hurry the crystal flow of the narrative or—as often—dialogue. Indeed, at the height of the story, Colonel Erskine takes —so to speak—a whole chapter off, to visit Monte Carlo and walk round the Casino and the aquarium. But it is wrong to say "height," for there are no heights in the way of incident. Nothing could be flatter, for instance, than the confession scene; I was not sure whether the author had even tried to make anything of it.

What is Truth?

On the other hand, the Colonel's solitary musings in the Casino are most effective—nor are they really irrelevant, in a novel about the Mediterranean, and the whole world, and the human race. He, and Cabadeus, and the English chaplain, are on the stage less to act than to discuss man and God, and they do it admirably. But it seems likely that these conversations, despite their wit and neatness and leaven of amusing anecdote, are not for all palates. I will give one rather extreme example, to show you what to expect:

"The thing I remember best about the *Apologia*," observed the Colonel, "is the morning when Newman woke up and realised he was nothing better than a Monophysite. . . . Do you remember, he says '. . . my stronghold was Antiquity'—he was reading fifth-century stuff, that was his notion of Antiquity! And he says: 'I found Christendom of the Nineteenth Century reflected. I saw my face in that mirror—and I was a Monophysite!' I've always thought it a pity Max Beerbohm didn't do a drawing of Mr. Newman shaving, and his razor suspended in horror as he gazed into his mirror and realised he was a Monophysite."

Not that "Act of God" is all abstract. The Mediterranean coast and the Fraxinets—especially Haut Fraxinet and the *plage* —are vividly seen, and give the whole book solidity. Then there are one or two "supers" as real in their dreadful way as the town itself — for instance, the young Englishman who refers to himself as The Boys, and wears a pink hair-net. The leading characters are perhaps not so good. Vera, with her soulful posturings and self-dramatisation, is rather too much of a stock figure; nor was I quite happy about the innocent shrewdness of Canon Waterhouse, or the childlike faith of the *curé* — they occasionally gave out a hollow sound. While Miss Tennyson Jesse thoroughly understands the point of view of the high-minded, austere atheist—of Colonel Erskine, in short—the emotions of the "God-intoxicated man" are rather beyond her; though she tries hard to give religion fair play. Even the Colonel makes a slip now and then. "I don't mind—" he says, "in fact, I very much like—indulging my body occasionally, but I'll be damned if I'll indulge my emotions!" This is the kind of fatuous remark that a man of his calibre should have satirised.

COUNTESS HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW, *formerly Miss Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth heiress, and her husband have been spending a holiday in Venice and bathing on the Lido, a form of holiday which their baby son, Lance, enjoys as much as they do. Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow looks lovely in bathing attire.*

This England.

How shall I suggest the by no means everyday attraction of "Perry's Cows"? Almost all novels, even when they are as distinguished as "Act of God," show unmistakable signs of deriving partly from other novels. (Of course, I am talking, not

[Continued overleaf.

126.

The last guest
departs
and
you suddenly realise
how tired
you are . . .

back
in the drawing-room
that
final cigarette together
seems
to complete
that feeling
of
lazy contentment . . .

—a perfect end
to
a grand party
—and so to bed.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Continued.]

of plagiarism, but of that more subtle thing, influence.) Miss Iles's new book is one of the rare exceptions that owe their being entirely, or almost entirely, to direct vision. It is perhaps not a "good" novel, for the plot, or rather the string of episodes, has in itself so little interest that one hardly attends to it; but it is something unique.

The setting, to begin with, departs from precedent. In Broomhurley, a slice of the Essex no-man's land between town and country, farmhouses alternate with rows of new bungalows, and the yokels live cheek by jowl with black-coated workers who take the train every morning. Without fuss or fine writing, Miss Iles has brought out all the poetry of this "spoilt" neighbourhood. She is no less successful with its humour—a humour of that elusive, profoundly English type which melts into thin air if you try to talk about it, but which is still captured now and then, though too seldom, by the art of the music-hall. I scarcely dare attempt to give instances. Perhaps some people won't enjoy the dialogue; or the owner of a smoking chimney who replies calmly to criticism: "It don't smoke when there ain't a wind and the wind won't last for ever"; or the young man engaged to mend the tiles, who sits on the roof gazing at them, and remarking to a small crowd of bystanders: "Them here old tiles, they be all to pieces loike"; or—to give you an idea of the manner—this episode of the labourer sent to find a stray cow—

MISS NANCY GILBEY, *who was a Coronation season débutante presented at the last Court, is the only child of Captain and Mrs. Charles Gilbey, and a granddaughter of Mr. Newman Gilbey, of Mark Hall, Harlow, Essex.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY SWAINE.

Perry's cowman was hungry and he was not used to overmuch hard labour. He walked with his eyes on his feet. In this way he climbed the hillside and then looked down. He saw no cow.

He entered the right-of-way through the wood which emerged on the farther slope, and looked to the gate which opened on the lower road; this was shut. He shaded his eyes and looked towards Humphrey's fields: Humphrey's hedges were in bad repair and a cow would have little difficulty in breaking through them. He could see nothing.

It was useless to return without the cow, since Perry would send him again to seek it. On the other hand, there seemed no cow to seek.

As it was useless to return to Perry it seemed that he might as well go on. His was a mind which rarely exerted itself to seek and supposed that what it needed would eventually come to it. There was to him nothing outrageous in walking until the lost cow sought him. He crossed to the fields of Reedmarsh Farm.

From behind a voice shouted "Hi!"

He turned in his own time and saw Humphrey. He waited for Humphrey to come to him.

Humphrey shouted: "What are you tying up your cows to my trees on my land for? That cow's broken through my hedge. I'll have damages against Perry. What you here for, trespassing on my land?"

Perry's cowman allowed Humphrey's words to pass like a wind by his ears. He said: "You ain't seen a cowaboutloikeanywhere, have you?"

But if you don't enjoy such things, I think you had better emigrate.

The City of Nash. The last Paganel of the Golden House at Bath, finding himself almost penniless on the death of his father, goes—not without an inward struggle—into the wine trade. He need not have been afraid of derogating; the firm of Pontifex is almost as ancient, exclusive and mellow as his ancestral home. But when "Ready-Money Nash," of Nash's International Stores, buys the Golden House, and announces his intention of selling cheap wine and bringing Bath up-to-date, Pontifex and other dignified maintainers of the *status quo* get a violent shock. Before long, the Montagues and Capulets of the town are at daggers drawn; Humphry Paganel, a Capulet by birth, breeding and occupation, has a lost love in the old camp, but a new love in the daughter of the arch-enemy. Victory remains with the Golden House and all that it stands for; but neither the struggle nor the antagonist proves exactly what you expect. Mr. Vachell's wine talk will go straight to the heart of the *connaisseur.*

Treasure Seekers. In "Double Cross Purposes," a fashionable young waster and a tough guy from overseas go digging together in the Highlands for buried treasure. Mr. Lethaby has taken the precaution of insuring himself against fraud on the part of his colonial pal, but the Indescribable Insurance Company has its doubts of both, and sets Miles Bredon to watch events—very wisely, for no sooner has the treasure been discovered than the partners' garage catches fire, charred human remains are found in it behind a locked door, and the tough guy vanishes. Then—not simultaneously—the treasure vanishes also. Father Knox gives one every chance to unravel the problem, and refers back afterwards, in his neat but—if one happens to have been stupid—provoking way, to the vital points. I thought I noticed a slight change of attitude to Lethaby as the story proceeded, but if so, it does not affect the plot. The Highland scene is attractive, and we meet one or two old friends besides the Bredons. I need scarcely add that the writing is far above the usual detective level, and full of sparkle.—K. J.

This delightful at-home study shows the NAWAB ZAHIRUDDIN KHAN, *son of the Nawab Moin-ud Dowlah Bahadur, the Premier Nobleman of Hyderabad State, with his wife and family in a London hotel. He came to London in May for the Coronation and has just left London for Scotland for a grouse shoot. He then plans to visit Paris on his return journey to India.*

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Act of God. By F. Tennyson Jesse. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)

Perry's Cows. By Margaret Iles. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)

The Golden House. By Horace Annesley Vachell. (*Cassell; 8s. 6d.*)

Double Cross Purposes. By Ronald A. Knox. (*Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.*)

This England . . .

Bodiam Castle, Sussex

IT was to the great downland ridge that the fat rich Wealden country looked for protection from marauding carracks and brigantines from overseas. And where the southing rivers cut the glistening chalk, men built their strongholds to guard the valley ways. Battle and Bodiam, Hurstmonceaux and Arundel — the very names spell history. Well was the work done . . . turret and keep and lilied moat still stand in tribute to that steadfast watch. This steadfastness has preserved us other things besides our liberty — such comforts as that grand old English beer that you call Worthington — first brewed for the men who lived so hard and saw so clear.

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MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

WE are all of us familiar with the Monte Carlo advertisements and their slogan, "You could be there to-morrow." One would conclude, of course, that this means by train or 'plane; but it is really just as easy, at this time of the year, to get there in a day by car. Although tropical flowers bloom in the Casino gardens and palms wave against an almost African sky, it is not disagreeably hot. I am amazed that the general public has only in recent years "discovered" the Riviera as a summer resort, for it is no hotter here than it is at many American seaside places and somehow manages to be bracing as well. There is a tonic quality in the air that keeps one dancing all night yet eager to swim or water-ski most of the day as well.

As I write, workmen are erecting barriers in the streets of Monaco. The little principality looks as though it were in the throes of civil war, with palisades and ramparts of sandbags in half the streets of the town. It is not for war that they are preparing, however, but for a great battle between the fastest racing drivers in the world—the famous "Race of a Thousand Corners," run in the town of Monte Carlo itself. I am writing this on the morning of the race, with cars pouring in unending streams across the frontiers from France and Italy. By four o'clock this afternoon, when Earl Howe

The car in the foreground of our delightful photograph is an S.S. "JAGUAR" 2½-litre car. The river in the background is the Severn.

This handsome HUMBER "SNIPE" SALOON was presented to H.M. the King of Denmark recently by the Royal Danish Automobile Club on the occasion of his Jubilee. The car was supplied through the Humber distributors in Copenhagen—British Motors—and is here seen outside Christianborg Castle.

opens the circuit at the wheel of a beautiful green Lagonda, the terraced hillsides will be black with people, and every window, every balcony and housetop will be packed with excited spectators.

Yesterday I was awakened at six by the shattering roar of a racing car tearing past my window. Practising for the race had begun, and I hurried, in my pyjamas, on to the roof of the Hotel Metropole to get a better view. From the corner by the Casino, I heard the squeal of tyres on the tarred road, and an instant later Hans von Stuck, in a sixteen-cylinder, rear-engined Auto-Union, flashed into view over the brow of the hill. His great silver car streaked, with screeching tyres, towards me, swerving rapidly from side to side and leaving two long tracks of smoking, melted tar behind the spinning wheels. For a dozen yards he left no tracks, then a new kind of spoor, the result of violent braking, marked his progress. He roared downhill past the Knickerbocker night-club, swung round a sharp corner and swooped down to the station hairpin. He accelerated a fraction of a second too soon, the tail of his car came round in a flash and there he was, with engine stalled, broadside across the road in the path of half-a-dozen approaching racers. Officials rushed to his assistance, while marshals flagged-down the other cars. In a matter of seconds he was off again, and the thrill was over.

I started off this article by confirming that one could get here in a day from England, even by car. I came down in my own S.S. "Jaguar," accompanied by a trio of enthusiastic Cambridge undergraduates. We left Folkestone by the morning cargo boat, reached Boulogne early, and drove to Montreuil for lunch. By 7.15 we were sitting down to an extraordinarily good dinner at Sens.

The "RACE OF A THOUSAND CORNERS" at Monte Carlo is one of the most thrilling events to take part in, and to watch. This year the German cars and German drivers took the first four places.

After that, we drove through the night, with a midnight picnic by the roadside, reaching Brignoles for breakfast and "Monte" before midday.

The distance was about 770 miles, but the "Jaguar" is so comfortable that we were not in the least tired. It takes a long Continental run to show up the true worth of a car. My "Jaguar," I knew, was well sprung, but I was amazed at the way it glided over atrocious *pavé* in the North of France without a bump or a rattle. Then the way it *cruised* at a steady 70 m.p.h., while doing its 20 miles to the gallon, was highly creditable. It took every hill in its stride on top gear. When I thrashed it up the Mont des Mules, behind Monte Carlo, on a hot summer afternoon, the water temperature never rose above eighty degrees. The back passengers, in particular, get a wonderfully smooth ride in this car, and sleeping in the back seat when doing over 70 m.p.h. is perfectly possible, as I proved to my own satisfaction. The big Lucas headlamps give a marvellous driving light and one gets along, if anything, rather faster by night than by day. I have not owned a car in the last ten years that has given me so much pleasure and satisfaction as my 2½-litre S.S. "Jaguar" saloon.

Monte Carlo is at the moment a sort of club for motor-racing drivers. You see men with famous names diving into the green of the swimming-pool or ski-ing over the sparkling water in the wake of a speed-boat. The air is full of rumours, as it is said that the Italians are staging a great come-back next week at Pescara. The present Alfa-Romeo racers are completely outclassed by the Germans (who won), the Mercédès-Benz, and Auto-Unions, but there is a very hyper-super Alfa-Romeo now under test and it is hoped that this will once again put the German and Italian racing teams on a level footing.

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

I WAS introduced to a new form of match by an American friend recently, and I think it may appeal to many of my readers who are interested in improving their golf. His description of the game is "golf on the second guess plan," and that seems to me to be as good a designation as any I know. It consists in playing a single, but each player may play two balls for every shot. The players have the option of playing every shot twice, with, of course, only one ball being in play. For example, each player has two drives, and having arrived at the place where the better drive finished, will continue with that ball. If, however, the second shot is not satisfactory, another second shot may be played from the same spot. The same procedure is followed with the approaches and even the putts. Having tried this form of golf, I have arrived at the conclusion that I ought to be able to beat anybody. It is really remarkable how easy it is to play the second ball well, having half-missed the shot with the first. And as for putting—well, we have all seen how frequently, in championships and tournaments, players try their missed putts over again and invariably hole them. Playing this "second guess" golf, anyone can knock between ten and twenty strokes off his score.

When peace returns to China, golfers who patronise the Papoashan course will find some new bunkers of a design rather more military than Royal and Ancient, for the fairway is intersected by trenches which lead across the course to the Marco Polo bridge.

Golf Simplified. Apart from the amusement of this quite irregular form of golf, there is a certain educational value connected with it. A great teacher of the game once told me that there are no difficulties about striking a golf ball accurately, except those the golfer creates for himself. Anyone can prove this to his own satisfaction by the two-ball game I have described. All the difficulties of playing the shot with the first ball appear to have disappeared immediately we address the second ball from exactly the same spot. It seems easy and therefore *is* easy. If ever you watch a first-class American player at practice, you will notice that he rarely plays a round with a single ball. Whenever he plays a shot that he does not consider satisfactory, he will drop another ball and play the shot over again, and repeat the process, even though he may play half-a-dozen balls from the same spot. Most of us have neither inclination nor patience for this, but I commend the "second guess" game to those anxious to improve; it will tend to make it easier to guess right first time, which, I suppose, is the difference between good golf and indifferent. There is a great deal more pleasure in playing reasonably well than there is in playing badly, and I speak feelingly, for I rarely play well.

Two determined golfers played a final round on the Peking Golf Course at Papaoshan before the military occupation of the place became complete! They appear to be enjoying the game, in spite of the fact that trenches were being dug all round the course, though surely their putting must have suffered from the zooming of the Japanese scouting aeroplanes overhead!

Brilliant Juniors. That is one reason why I always feel a little ashamed of myself when I watch the play in a junior championship. By the end of this week I shall be watching the Boys' Amateur Championship on Bruntsfield Links, near Edinburgh. This event, which has outlived a period of criticism, is now a nursery for our future champions. To name only a few of the boys who had their first experience of competitive golf in this event, one can include Henry Cotton, Open Champion, Robert Sweeny, the Amateur Champion, John Langley, who won two years ago and then went to the United States to play for Great Britain against the United States, and James Bruen, the present Boy Champion. This sturdy little golfer from Cork is now Ireland's Amateur Champion and was the leading amateur in the powerful field which recently contested the Irish Open title. Fortunately, perhaps, for the ambitions of the other competitors, Bruen, although still eligible, will not defend his title next week; he has been chosen to play for Ireland in the quadrangular international contest with England, Scotland, and Wales, and, naturally, the strain of two events which closely follow one another is too great for even such a powerful young golfer as Bruen. As usual, when the Championship is held in their own country, Scottish boys provide a good proportion of the entrants, but a great many of the principal public schools in England are represented now that golf, if not definitely encouraged at most big schools, is not entirely taboo.

An Unnecessary International. There is only one note of dissension I have about the Boys' Championship meeting—it is that there should be an international match between England and Scotland prior to the Championship. There is a disproportionate sense of importance about such a game, especially when, for the most part, it is quite impossible to know very much about the form of the players. Moreover, a boy has every right to be proud of representing his school at any game, but the honour of playing for his country in a schoolboy international is hardly the same thing; in fact, it can, and frequently does, mean less. I realise I have mentioned only a few of the Boys' Championship competitors who have represented their country in senior golf, but they were discoveries of the Championship, not the International. However, the match will not prevent me watching what I anticipate will be quite a high standard of golf among modern schoolboys during the Championship.

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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"I THOUGHT you were going away this week?" said The Merchant. "What do you mean by intruding upon our expected privacy like this?"

"Sorry," replied The Broker. "In fact, very sorry. But my authorised clerk developed tonsilitis, and we suddenly got busy, so I had to look after the barrow myself."

"All your markets seem pretty lively," The Engineer observed. "Those iron and steel things have been going ahead quite alertly. Glad I stuck to my Vickers."

"Glad you stuck to anything, I should think. There's very little stock in the markets, and when you do get a few buyers, up go the prices."

"Wish your buyers would take a fancy to some of my own things," said The City Editor. "Why don't Wall Papers go better?"

"And Imperial Airways," added The Jobber.

"Imperial Airways," replied The Broker, "I've always maintained, is the sort of share that you must be prepared to lock up if you mean to double your money in the long run. You agree with me there?"

"I like to see my shares go up as soon as I've bought them," declared The Jobber. "'Unreasonable'? Maybe, but very natural, don't you think?"

"And what about my Wall Papers?" repeated The City Editor. "It's a good company; well managed; plenty of scope, and yet the price sticks like a limpet on the rocks."

"For goodness' sake, don't start reminding me of such things! Here am I trying to forget that I want to be in the sea——"

"Rather than on the rocks, eh?"

"I want to sniff the salt air, and lie sun-bathing on my tummy——"

"Better not. You might get suffocated or blistered. If not both. Take the car up to the Serpentine and have a boat out for an hour."

"Take a week-end ticket to the North, and a gun," amended The Merchant.

"Wall Paper shares," said The Broker with a breezy sigh, "are a good investment, but people think the building boom has passed its peak. Any shares, Bricks, and so on, connected with building are out of favour."

"The Brick companies seem to be doing well, but the prices of their shares keep on falling."

"They are out of fashion as well as out of favour. Too many other things have stolen their limelight. The public prefer to gamble in mining shares at present."

"And the public have done jolly well out of South Africans of late."

"Out of Burma Corporations and a number of others, too. Look at Mawchis, for instance. Why, I made a bit out of those myself. Fancy that!"

"You took your profit?"

"Sold them too soon, like a fool. But the Burma Corporations I am keeping as a mining investment."

"Isn't there some doubt as to the amount of ore reserves?"

"Not enough to cause me any worry, my lad. You've got to run risks if you go in for mining shares. I thought at one time that Trepcas were going to let me down, but they haven't."

"Trepcas are amongst the few good tips that Brokie has given us," remarked The Engineer.

"If you expect me to rise to a bait like that," replied The Broker, "you are doomed to disappointment."

"Like the long line of juvenile fishermen under the pier," The Jobber began maliciously, "to be hit on the head with a rolled-up newspaper, whose financial comments are more aggressive than accurate.

"Doesn't the Stock Exchange get very hot in the warm weather?" asked The Engineer.

"It gives you a free Turkish bath every afternoon," The Broker replied. "For a building of its size and shapelessness, the ventilation is probably good. But I'm glad not to be a dealer in the American market and obliged to stay on in the Street until six or seven o'clock."

"Now there's another sticky market for you," The City Editor claimed.

"With all the bull points that there are in the American situation, prices don't what I call 'go'."

"My brother came home in the *Queen Mary* last week," said The Jobber, "and he told me that the Wall Street district was none too bullish."

"But why not? So many things——"

"Yes. On the other hand, there's the increase in taxation to the foreign holder. And the rise in wages to Labour is likely to swamp the extra earnings of the companies. That's one theory he gathered in the New York Stock Exchange."

"They admit outsiders?"

"If they are accompanied by a member. You sign your name in a visitors' book. You are presented with a small volume giving a tabloid description of the way in which the New York Stock Exchange functions, and you are allowed to stand in a gallery that overlooks the floor of the markets."

"If we allowed that," The Broker thought, "the visitors might want to feed us with buns and monkey-nuts."

"Thereby upsetting the digestion of the bulls of Roan Antelope?"

"Roan is a copper-producer, so its supporters should be able to eat anything."

"Very fond of children," quoth The City Editor. "You've put your finger on a good share in Roan."

"Standing at a goodly price."

"Worth it, on present dividends and future prospects. I can't see anybody going far wrong who buys Roans even to-day."

"I remember our talking about them when the price stood nearer twenty shillings than seventy-five. Not so many years ago, either."

"Yes, so we did," The Broker recalled. "I once saw Roan Antelope plotted on thin sheets of glass, slipped upright into the slots of a wooden cabinet."

"Plotted? Or potted? And if so, why?"

"Each sheet of glass was kept up to date by being marked in ink, as the developments came in from the mine. From them, an engineer could tell at once what progress the mine was making."

"There's nothing new in that," The Engineer pointed out. "Anyone could make the same sort of slides for himself, from the officially-published information, if he were sufficiently interested."

"The trouble with so many of us," The Jobber considered, "is that we won't bother to follow the fortunes of our companies. We take only the most casual interest in the way the concern carries on, and we leave everything to the directors."

"Who know more about it than we do, in any case."

"Yes, but I mean we might follow a mine's developments, for example, more intelligently."

"The periodical reports are mostly too technical for a layman to understand."

"Then surely it's up to him to try and find out what the news actually means."

"If it's unfavourable," said The Engineer, "you hang on to the shares, hoping that matters will mend. If the news is good, you stick to the shares in the hope that the price will improve."

"Hope," said The Broker, "makes a good dish for breakfast, but a bad one for supper."

"There's something in that," The City Editor conceded. "What I say is that we don't take enough intelligent interest in the progress of the companies whose shares we hold."

"The average man has his own business to attend to. He hasn't time to keep count of the number of weights over so many inches on the seventy-fourth section of Number Seven drive."

"It would pay him to do so——"

"He'd get more headache than profit out of it. No, Sir. You must depend to a great extent upon the judgment of the expert."

"And the look of the market."

"And the tone at the Cape."

"And the appetite of the investor."

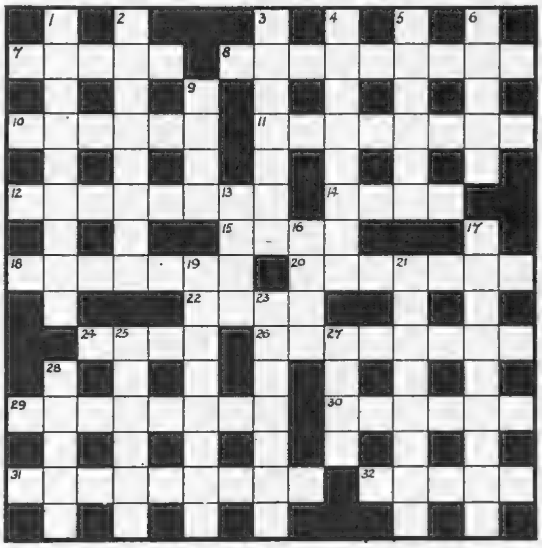
"All of which," The Broker said, "may easily lead you astray. The thing to rely upon is your own common sense, and your refusal to take a tip on the spur of the moment. Especially if you don't know the chap who gives it to you."

"'M!" grunted The Jobber. "Some of the rottenest tips I've ever had came from fellows I knew very intimately. How about that?"

"Well, after all," The Merchant summed up, "Counsel's opinion is only Counsel's opinion, isn't it?"

Friday, Aug. 13, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

7. With 26 this creature would be less cold (5).
8. Not listless farm animals (two words) (4 and 5).
10. He might have been a cataloguer, perhaps, if he hadn't taken up surgery (6).
11. Fancy stitching, not aerobatics (hyphen) (8).
12. Demanding as a right (8).
14. We can but rough-hew these things (4).
15. Period that might easily be A 1! (4).
18. Skin that has Nero in confusion after the finish (7).
20. Bears witness (7).
22. Speedy but secure? (4).
24. The fashionable part of the coffee substitute (4).
26. Letter from an angry reptile (8).
29. The reverse of good fortune (two words) (4 and 4).
30. Stanza? (6).
31. Not the sort of vocal music one gets in Switzerland (hyphen) (9).
32. Mountains that supported the universe (5).

DOWN.

1. Youth to take the covering from the heather (9).
2. "Don't be long," she seems to say (8).
3. Farm-work for a convict in a silk hat (7).
4. Not elder (anag.) (8).
5. Boiled slowly (6).
6. "The cry is still, 'They come!' our castle's strength Will laugh a siege to ——" ("Macbeth") (5).
9. This is certainly true in France (4).
13. Zola's novel was not about the goddess (4).
16. Cereal (4).
17. Diplomatic American? (9).
19. Naturally belonging to the links (two words) (2 and 6).
21. Pledges (8).
23. Reducing staff in the bag-making industry? (7).
25. The fish that owned a stamping machine (6).
27. For the actor, however, it means work (4).
28. Basil gets upset at cricket (5).

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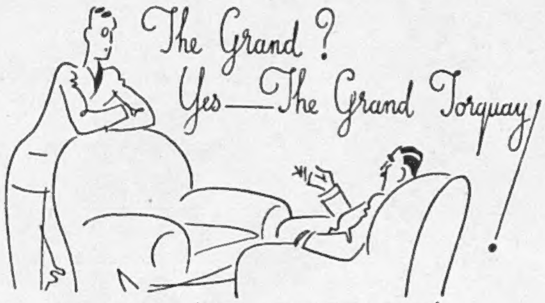
MAN TO MAN



JAMES *Hello, bon viveur! You look pleased with life!*

GEORGE *So would you if you'd lived like a king as I have for the last three weeks at the Grand, Torquay.*

JAMES *I dare say, but the terms are too high.*

GEORGE *The old complaint! How can you say the terms are too high if you have never sampled the place?*

JAMES *So what?*

GEORGE *Well—so come and see what you get for them. Superb food prepared by an Escoffier-trained chef. Golf, tennis and squash to justify it. A superb hotel, a superb position—right on the front and on the level and a superb climate. And in a place like the Grand there's plenty of free entertainment without going out for it.*

JAMES *All right—it's a bet. I suppose you get a commission on this! No? Anyway, perhaps I'll come back saying the terms are too low.*

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXII.

DO YOU SUPPORT PARTNER'S SUIT AT ONCE?

IT is a vexed question whether you should back your partner's suit at once or show another biddable suit. I mean in those cases where you have more than average support for partner—when you are justified in jumping the opening bid. The bidding, one spade, two spades, three spades, four spades, is just ridiculous, of course; when that happens it always strikes me that both partners are suffering from bidding prostration—or perhaps panic, each partner, as it were, saying to the other, "Go on, you do it—I daren't!" The bidding, one no-trump, two no-trumps, three no-trumps, is not so futile, for there are certain conditions where there is nothing else for it, but I defy you to show me a case where one spade, two spades, three spades, four spades is theoretically sound, let alone sound in practice.

However, the situations I refer to are something like this: your partner, A, bids one spade, and you, B, hold Spades—Q, x, x, x; Hearts—A, x; Clubs—A, Kn, x, x, x, and Diamonds—x, x. Should you bid three spades (forcing) or just two clubs? I am told that this position occurred at duplicate, and at one table the response was three spades; at the other, two clubs. In each case small slam in spades was finally bid and made, so if we take this example it would seem that it does not matter what you respond with. But one example proves nothing—it is, in fact, doubtful if any number of examples prove anything—and I, personally, am of opinion that it is better bridge always to show the outside suit before giving a jump in partner's suit. The idea of backing up partner at once comes from the mistaken (and now discarded) theory that if you don't immediately support partner you are denying his suit. What, exactly, was meant by *denying* partner's suit was never very clearly defined, but presumably it meant that you had no help for him in that suit, and that he had better keep off it; but all that stuff has now gone by the board and there is no such thing as *denying* a suit. Indeed, the position is now reversed, for to a great extent the more you show side-suits, the more you show support for partner's suit. It is extremely bad to force the bidding into a high level *without* support in partner's suit; a slam should never be bid unless you have that support, except, perhaps, in the cases where your partner himself has jumped the bidding in his original suit, thereby showing out-of-the-way strength in it.

There are two reasons why I favour the showing of your side-suit: (1) because, in my opinion, the bidding should be kept as low as possible on the first round, if not, indeed, on the second round as well; (2) the showing of outside strength is far more informative than the mere repetition of partner's suit, even if you jump the bid. Further, the jump bid is likely to be disconcerting to partner; he may shy at—and very rightly so, too—a bid of four diamonds or four hearts over the three spades. Three no-trumps is pretty well his only way out, and, failing that, he can but bid game in his suit, and then where are you? Again, suppose the opening bid has been on a minimum; well, you will say, he can leave in the three-spade call, with the result that you have made his job all the more difficult for him, and all to no purpose at that! No, these jump bids on the first round of the bidding are in the nature of a boomerang—show your partner what you've got *first*; later on jump his bid, provided the jumping looks good.

I have to thank many readers (and at the same time apologise to them) for pointing out my stupid mistake in the double dummy situation given in our issue of July 28. There is another solution to the problem, and a much simpler one than that shown. The fact is, the hands were set up incorrectly. Y should have held five hearts instead of five spades; his partner, Z, five spades and no hearts. The mixing up of the suits was entirely my fault—I am sorry.

This was last week's double dummy hand—

Spades—A, K, 2.
Hearts—3, 2.
Clubs—A, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6.
Diamonds—9, 8.

B

Y		Z
Spades—10, 5, 4.		Spades—Q, 3.
Hearts—Q, Kn, 10, 9, 8.	Y Z	Hearts—7, 6, 5, 4.
Clubs—Q, 3, 2.		Clubs—Kn, 5, 4.
Diamonds—K, 2.		Diamonds—Q, 6, 5, 4.

A

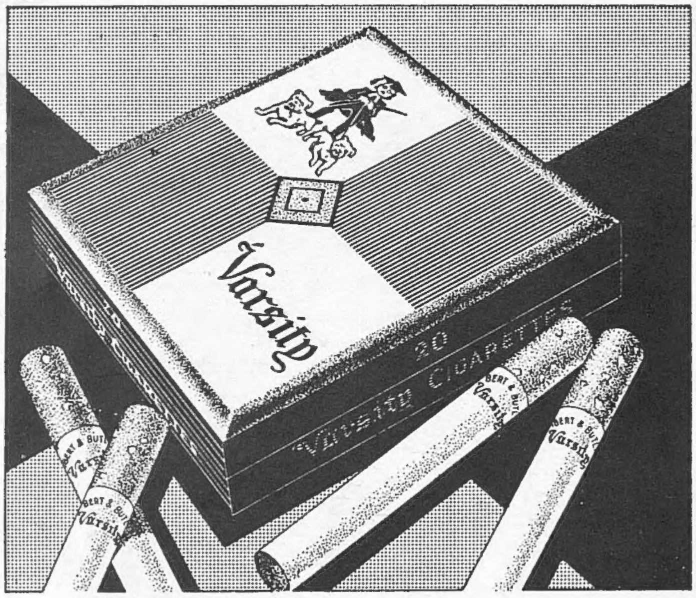
Spades—Kn, 9, 8, 7, 6.
Hearts—A, K.
Clubs—K.
Diamonds—A, Kn, 10, 7, 3.

The contract is six spades by A. Y leads the queen of hearts. A wins trick No. 1, and leads the king of clubs, followed by a small trump, won by B, who plays out ace and another club. A ruffs this club and leads another trump. This trick B must duck and allow Z to win. Whatever he leads, A wins and leads a third trump to B's ace, who then runs off his good clubs.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, AUG. 11.

Across.—1. Subsidiary. 6. Bard. 10. Cross. 11. Offertory. 12. Adenoids. 13. Cyder. 15. Tracing. 17. Lobelia. 19. Actions. 21. Ratline. 22. Tunic. 24. No Change. 27. Nostalgia. 28. Atone. 29. Dull. 30. Bludgeoned.

Down.—1. Sock. 2. Broadcast. 3. Ibsen. 4. Ironing. 5. Refusal. 7. Aloud. 8. Day-dreamer. 9. Brickbat. 14. Straitened. 16. Ironclad. 18. Lying Down. 20. Senegal. 21. Richard. 23. Nasal, 25. Apace. 26. Tend.



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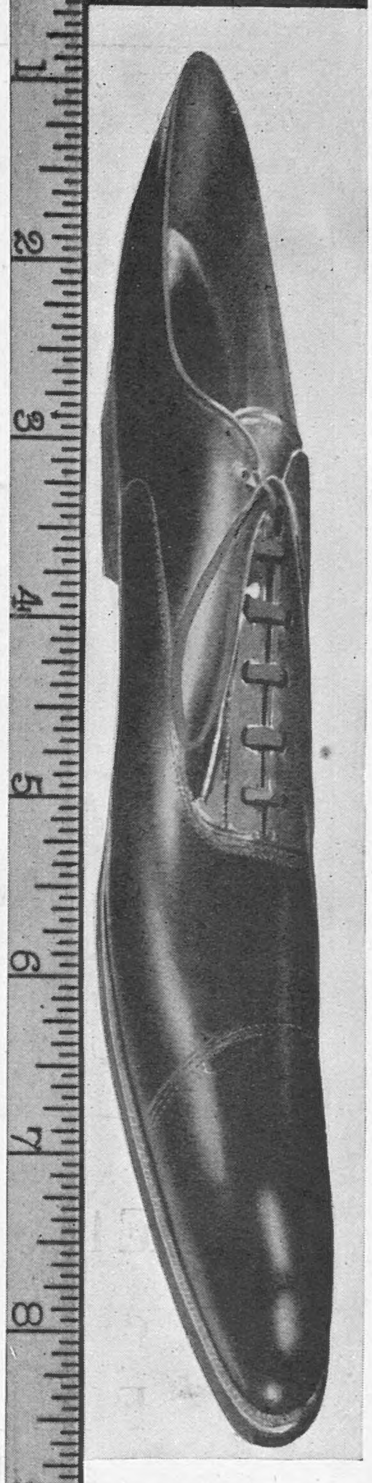

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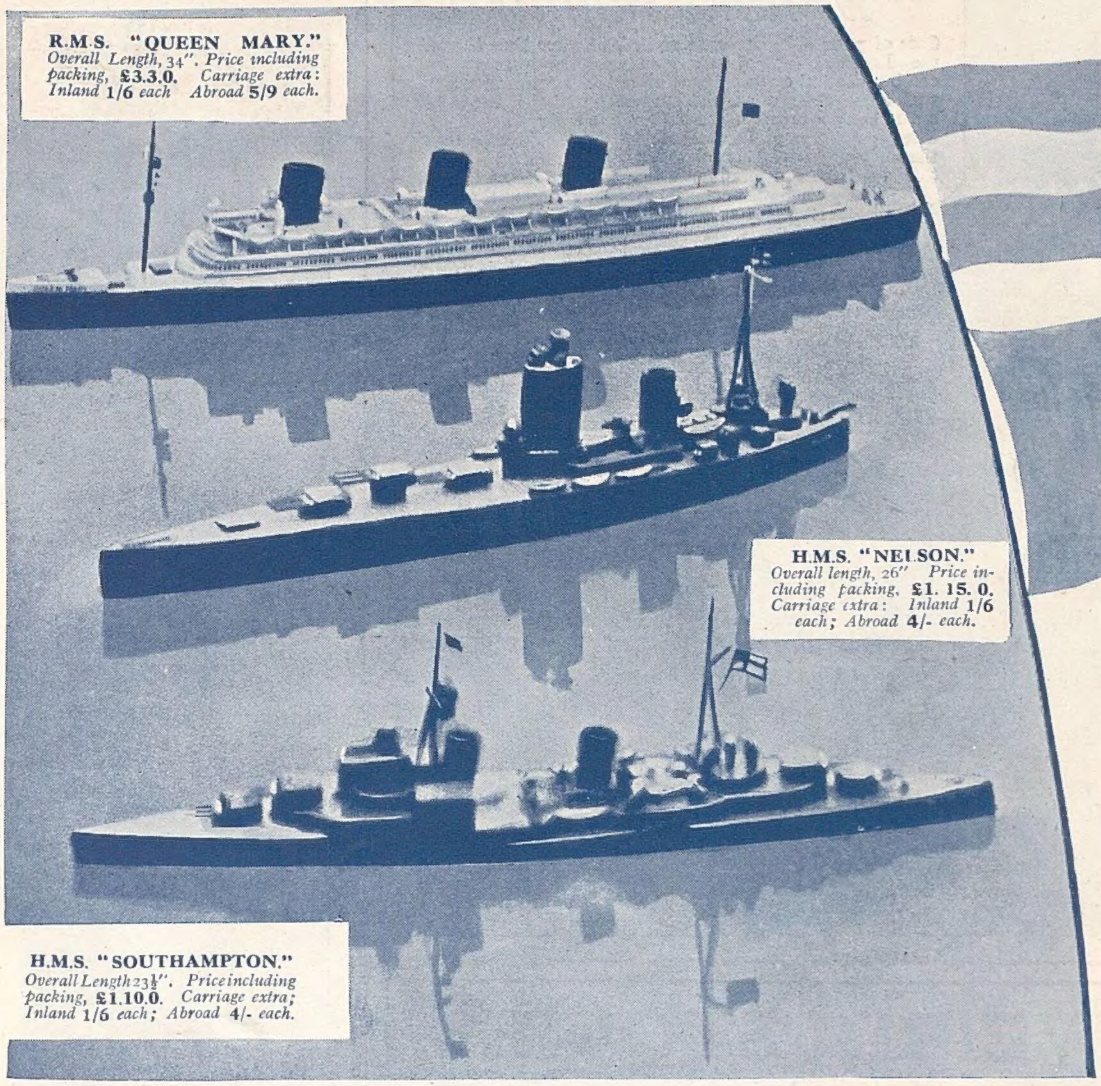

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